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The Shape of Things

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WILL IT AGAIN BECOME "BLOODY HARLAN"? As we go to press, Governor Chandler of Kentucky, though he called himself a friend of labor when he ran for office, has ordered out the militia to safeguard the open shop in Harlan County. Six of the county's forty-two soft-coal mines have been opened on a non-union basis, and an automobile caravan of 4,000 union pickets has been broken up by the troops. Their commanding officer has sent in a call for reinforcements. Several thousand more pickets are expected, and William Turnblazer, U. M. W. A. district president, has met the Governor's challenge with the statement, "You can't dig coal with bayonets." Union leaders are doing their best to avoid bloodshed, but Harlan County is quick on the trigger. The last time an attempt was made to buttress Harlan's open shop with bullets—the Battle of Evarts in 1931—one union miner was slain, but so were three company gunmen. A new outbreak of class warfare in the Kentucky mine country, with its lawless frontier spirit, should not distract attention from the great victory won by John L. Lewis. Thanks to the intervention of the President, the U. M. W. A. has obtained "union-shop" contracts with operators accounting for 80 per cent of the production in the Appalachian area. Certain powerful utility interests and their friends in the A. F. of L. had hoped, by embroiling Lewis in his own territory, to weaken the C. I. O. and thereby also the mass support of the New Deal. But the new union-shop contracts will render Lewis impregnable to flank attacks by the A. F. of L.'s Progressive Miners' Union, and that—whether Messrs. Green, Woll, and Frey like it or not—is good news for the whole labor movement.

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THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT ADMIRAL LEAHY will be appointed Governor of Puerto Rico to succeed General Winship has been received by friends of the island territory with mixed emotions. Governor Winship's retirement is good news. No man was ever less fitted by temperament and training for the task of governing a proud people of different background and culture. Admiral Leahy has a distinguished record as a naval

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officer, and his appointment at this time is a recognition of the island's growing importance as an air and naval base. But the Governor of Puerto Rico has little or nothing to do with defense policy. He must deal almost exclusively with civilian problems, such as unemployment, relief, and political unrest, which lie entirely outside the experience of a naval officer. Aside from these considerations, the job calls for someone possessing an appreciation and understanding of Spanish culture. It is unfortunate that the President did not see that the new Governor of Puerto Rico should be a civilian, preferably a Puerto Rican.

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CONSUMERS HAD THEIR INNINGS LAST WEEK at the hearings of the Temporary National Economic Committee. Several women presented evidence to show the bewildering difficulties faced by the average housewife seeking to spend her money wisely. One witness exhibited twenty-one different containers of tomato juice, of varying sizes and prices, all purchased in one grocery store. Another produced an advertisement of a woman's dress which cited its smartness but neglected to give any information about its wearing qualities. The manufacturer of a tooth paste, the only one accepted by the American Dental Association, testified that an advertising agency had quoted $100,000 as the price of a preliminary survey to find out whether his product could be sold on a national basis. He declared that no distributor would carry his product until he had created a national demand through the payment of such a tribute. The everyday problems of the average consumer may seem somewhat removed from the larger question of the effect of the concentration of wealth in our economic system, but they have certainly been accentuated by the growth of large corporations marketing products which subordinate quality to advertising appeal—to say nothing of the fact that advertising has become a virtual monopoly in the hands of great corporations.

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MAURY MAVERICK'S ELECTION AS MAYOR OF San Antonio is more than a personal triumph. It marks the success of a four-year struggle by one of the most cruelly exploited sections of the American working class —the pecan workers of San Antonio. Defying police raids, beatings, and threats of deportation, these workers managed, first, to establish a local of the Workers' Alliance, then to form a Pecan Workers' Local of the United Cannery, Agricultural, Packing, and Allied Workers of America, finally to win recognition of that union as their sole collective-bargaining agency. The election of their friend and champion, Maury Maverick, means that the pecan workers by their ballots have ousted a "reform" mayor who tried his best to break their strike. It also means that domination of San Antonio by a corrupt machine whose power was based on past ability to "deliver" Negro and Mexican votes and to obtain funds from vice and gambling elements has been ended, for a time at least. We hope that his success will ultimately bring Maverick back to Congress, but not until he has cleaned up San Antonio and reestablished civil liberties on a firm basis.

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PALESTINE HAS BEEN QUIETER RECENTLY but is waiting uneasily to hear its fate, which is being decided in London. When the joint conference between the British government and Jewish and Arab representatives collapsed without result at the beginning of this year, it was understood that the government would impose its own solution. The time which has since elapsed without any action is an indication of the difficulties involved in drafting a compromise sufficiently acceptable to both sides to make it workable. Forecasts of the British scheme suggest that it will favor the Arabs, though by no means meeting all their demands. It is believed that Jewish immigration will be restricted to 75,000 over a five-year period. This would bring the Jewish population up to one-third of the Palestine total, and it would be maintained if possible at this proportion. The Jews would therefore be doomed to become a permanent minority, although an attempt would be made to provide them with permanent constitutional safeguards. Eventual complete independence of the Palestinian State is contemplated, but only after it has been proved that Jews and Arabs can live peaceably together. Although the Arabs have been pressing for immediate independence, it is hoped that under pressure from the neighboring Arab kings they will consent to the scheme. The Jews, seeing the Balfour Declaration, in effect, repudiated and Zionism permanently stunted, will almost certainly prove less amenable. Forecasts of the British solution are arousing great indignation in Jewish communities throughout the world. In Palestine there is talk of a general strike and a boycott of imported goods, which would have a serious effect on revenue.

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THE FOUR SCANDINAVIAN POWERS HAVE closely examined the teeth of the non-aggression gift-horse kindly offered to them by Hitler and politely disclaimed any interest. Meeting in Stockholm, the Foreign Ministers of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Finland reaffirmed their traditional neutrality and insisted that in the event of war they would do everything possible not to become involved. Although they did not say so openly, it is evident that they considered non-aggression pacts on the Berlin model incompatible with real neutrality. There is no doubt they are perfectly right. The terms of Hitler's offer have not been published, but it is reported they included an undertaking that if either party were involved in war the other would not afford

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any economic aid to its opponents. Since the Scandinavians are not threatened by any power, unless it be Germany, this is a fairly platonic engagement so far as Hitler is concerned. On the other hand, if Germany went to war, Scandinavian shipments of food and raw materials to its opponents would be stopped. Close neighbors as they are to Germany, the Scandinavian countries are aware that they must pursue a cautious policy. They could not, even combined, hope to defeat an outright attack by Germany. Their aim, therefore, is to give no hostages to fortune, make no commitments which would give the least excuse for interference. Meanwhile, with the exception of Denmark, whose position is one of peculiar difficulty, they are building up their defenses in the hope of discouraging aggression by showing that it would, at least, be a formidable and expensive adventure.

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THE MARQUEE OUTSIDE MADISON SQUARE Garden read: "Moral Rearmament Tonite. Girls Softball Wednesday." Inside 12,000 people, most of them prosperous, middle-aged, and troubled, were having a relatively quiet time under Dr. Frank Buchman's guidance. The meeting marked the end of Moral Rearmament Week. MRA is the Oxford movement streamlined, and the Garden meeting was sponsored by Joe Di Maggio, Henry Ford, Fiorello H. LaGuardia, and the Reverend William F. Sunday. Honesty, unselfishness, purity were the key words; when the meeting lagged everyone sang a song emphasizing that 'if you care enough and share enough, everyone will have enough." The mechanics of sharing were never divulged and similarly vague was "God's plan for industry." But it was made clear that if people spent more time quietly getting celestial instruction, there would be plenty to go around. To us the press accounts of the affair were distinctly unsatisfactory, since they ignored the most amusing numbers on the program. A cowboy speaker implored Dr. Buchman to "rope 'em and brand 'em for God." James Eastman, a West Coast business man, revealed that his employees now gather in his office before work to "get God's directions for the day"; he added that he has no labor trouble. A Clydeside dockyard worker asserted that "MRA means a tidy dockyard and a tidy world." Bunny Austin, the tennis star, compared MRA with boxing because "you give more than you get." Another speaker slyly remarked that one man went home from a Buchman meeting so changed that his dog bit him. Tod Sloan, speaking from London, was introduced as "an ex-Communist now morally rearmed." Richards Vidmer, the sports writer, sent a message declaring that "MRA is magnetic and magnificent. It must be unanimous and universal." The Oxford movement is still dominantly upper class: Junior League girls solving their problem of leisure time and business men who like MRA infinitely more than NRA.

Check to the Axis?

NOT all the boastful speeches of fascist spokesmen nor all the heavy sarcasm of fascist editorial writers can disguise the fact that the axis has received a check. It may prove only a temporary one, but for the moment the watchword of the dictators is caution. Incomplete as the anti-aggression front still is, it has at least increased the risks of new fascist adventures. The area within which the axis can maneuver and feel tolerably certain it will not provoke general war is now circumscribed. Unsated the dictators still are, but the evidence suggests they have not yet become either so reckless or so desperate that they are prepared to force a showdown.

With the price of laurels rising, Hitler and Mussolini have had to console themselves with such kudos as they can gather by turning the axis into a military alliance. But as we suggested last week, this does not denote any impressive change in the situation, since for some time past Italy has been little more than the tail to the German kite. As propaganda, however, the alliance aids the general campaign of intimidation, an important part in which is being played by the ostentatious comings and goings across the Brenner of German generals and Nazi bigwigs.

One of the problems of the fascist powers is to improve the morale of the home front. Both Germans and Italians have proved allergic to "glorious victories," and when their leaders make threats they are apt to be more alarmed than the enemy. The latest propaganda technique, therefore, is to mute expansionist notes and insist that the homeland is being encircled by the rapacious "demo-plutocracies." This line, it is said, is especially effective in Germany, which suffers from an ancient phobia in regard to encirclement. In his speech at Turin on Sunday Mussolini used a variant. There were no problems in Europe, he said, which were acute enough to justify a war, but the sincere desire of the totalitarian states for peace had not met with a correspondingly sincere response from the democracies. That was proved by the fact that they had already started "what might be called a white war, that is to say, a war on economic grounds." Here we see an attempt to arouse the Italians against Britain and France by making these countries responsible for economic hardships the true causes of which are armaments and autarchy.

Meanwhile the anti-aggression front is making some progress, though at times it seems exasperatingly slow. After the journey of Potemkin, Soviet Vice-Commissar of Foreign Affairs, from Turkey north to Warsaw, there was a distinct improvement in relations between Russia and its neighbors immediately to the west. Faced by very concrete perils on its other border, Poland seems inclined to forget its long-standing fear and hatred of the Soviets.

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Plans for an increase in trade between the two countries are going into effect, and Warsaw has been gratified by the appointment after a two-year interval of a new Soviet Ambassador to Poland.

In general there seems to be a decline in that ideological hostility to Moscow which Nazi diplomacy so long and so successfully exploited. In Britain there is evidence of such overwhelming popular support for a full alliance with Russia that even Mr. Chamberlain is finding it hard to resist. Negotiations, however, are at the moment in suspense because Russia has rejected British proposals which would have committed it to aid Britain and France if they became involved in hostilities as the result of the guaranties they have given to Poland and Rumania. The Soviet objection to this plan is that it makes no provision for assistance to Russia if it is attacked, and therefore ignores the principles of reciprocity and equality of obligation. The alternative policy was recently stated with commendable clarity by *Izvestia*. "If France and Great Britain," it stated, "really want to create a barrier against aggression in Europe, a united front of mutual assistance should be created, primarily of the four principal powers in Europe—Britain, France, the U. S. S. R., and Poland—or at least of three powers—Britain, France, and the U. S. S. R.—and these three powers, bound by a pact of mutual assistance on the principle of reciprocity, should guarantee the other states of Eastern and Central Europe which are threatened by aggression."

It will take strong pressure to convert Mr. Chamberlain to this proposition. But the public knows, if he does not, that a combination of pawns cannot do more than check the dictators. To checkmate them, it is essential to bring in the Red Queen.

Tax Revision

THE struggle which has developed in Washington over the question of immediate tax revision presents the odd spectacle of the Treasury and the reactionaries lined up in favor of unbalancing the budget, against the President and liberal elements of both parties, who are on the side of financial orthodoxy. The contention of the former is that a reduction of taxes on business would hasten recovery and thus ultimately increase the federal revenues. It is asserted that reemployment and business expansion cannot take place as long as business is shackled by the present heavy burden of taxation, but that once the taxes are lightened capital will flow into private investment, dissipating our economic worries.

All this, of course, is sheer nonsense. One of the chief objects of attack—the undistributed-profits tax—was drastically reduced last year without the slightest effect on capital investment. The high levy on large incomes, which the Treasury would reduce, serves as an inducement to corporations to reinvest their earnings in plant expansion rather than allow them to be taken by the government. The capital-gains tax, in its present form, hits speculation but has little to do with legitimate investment.

It is true that the capital market is stagnant and has been for some years. But it is stagnant not because potential investors fear to make money lest they have to pay part of it out in taxes, but because they fear that they will not make money at all. New enterprises are not being started in any volume for the simple reason that existing enterprises are having a hard time selling their products. No investor wishes to keep his capital idle, and we can be sure of an abundance of new investment as soon as it becomes clear that consumer purchasing power has recovered from its present submerged status.

This brings us to the kernel of the tax problem. About half of our present federal revenues and a considerably larger proportion of state and local revenues are obtained by levies on everyday necessities. Since the bulk of these necessities are bought by the 87 per cent of the population whose incomes are less than $2,500 a year, and since this group spends nearly every cent it receives, it is evident that such taxes are wholly at the expense of buying power. These are the taxes which are really guilty of holding back business recovery. The persons who are affected by the higher ranges of the graduated income tax, the undistributed-profits levy, and the other taxes which business is seeking to have reduced do not usually spend their entire incomes. If the sums which they are withholding could be tapped by a higher income tax, and the money thus obtained used for the reduction or elimination of customs duties, sales taxes, and the various stamp levies, an important step would be taken in the direction of business recovery.

Two concessions have already been made to business. The House Ways and Means Committee has agreed to suspend the scheduled increase in the pay-roll tax levied for old-age insurance and to permit states to reduce their unemployment tax. The first of these was wholly justified since the present tax is high enough to maintain old-age payments for some years to come. The reduction in the tax for unemployment insurance, on the other hand, may boomerang in the event of another serious depression.

The President has indicated that he is willing to go still farther in the direction of business appeasement and repeal the undistributed-profits tax if a substitute can be found to prevent the wealthy from hoarding their money in the form of undistributed profits. This seems a safe offer since no other adequate method for striking at this evil has as yet been suggested. But the President must realize that recovery cannot be achieved by standing still. We must have tax revision, but it should be in just the opposite direction from that urged by business leaders.

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Jews and Refugees

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

LAST July the Evian conference set up an intergovernmental committee to tackle the refugee question on a scale to match the magnitude of the horror itself. The committee is still in existence; it has done some work and issued a report or two; but as far as refugees are concerned—what, actually, has happened?

What has happened is that in this past year the numbers of refugees and would-be refugees has multiplied. The fall of Czechoslovakia and the November pogrom buried the intergovernmental machinery devised to care for refugees under an avalanche of new suffering. It is still functioning but so feebly, so slowly, so cautiously that its proposals fall on the ear with the unconvincing sound of a lead nickel on a counter. The British government's offer of the interior of British Guiana for settlement by Jewish refugees may have been made in simple good faith or it may have been intended to balance the restrictions on Jewish immigration contained in the new plan for Palestine. But in either case Guiana offers no immediate relief. It is not at all certain that white settlers can live there, and even if they can, Mr. Chamberlain has made it clear that the responsibility for colonizing the territory "must rest primarily with the Intergovernmental Committee and with the private sources the government expects to finance it." This means, in plain language, that if Guiana proves to be fit for settlement, and if the Jews will put up the money as they have for Palestine, refugees will be allowed to go and live there.

The truth is that the Jews are carrying the main burden of the refugee problem. The American Committee for Christian German Refugees and the Catholic Refugees Committee are doing effective work, but for the most part the Jews in America—and probably in Britain and France and the smaller democracies as well—have shouldered the job of salvaging as much as they can of the human wreckage of Central and Eastern Europe. What they are able to accomplish is relatively little, because the task is far beyond the most ample private resources. But the effort they are making is a stupendous one—a credit to the Jewish people and a shame to the rest of us.

In this one year the United Jewish Appeal has set itself a goal of $20,000,000 in the United States. Jewish groups are beating the bushes in every sizable community to bring out the last available dollar. The men and women running this great campaign have not allowed the magnitude of the job to inhibit their efforts. A man in Detroit said to me the other day: "Sometimes it looks hopeless. Even now we can do little enough; and if the millions of Jews in Poland and Hungary and Rumania are driven out in these next months, what will happen to them? But we can't stop to think about that now. We have to do what we can for the millions already on our hands."

This is a gallant attitude and one cannot argue with it. But one can and must argue with the assumption that the problem is, in reality, a Jewish one. First, one can demand that the Intergovernmental Committee get busy. Are the Jews and other oppressed minorities of Europe to wait till the brush is cleared in the uplands of Guiana before they can escape the tortures of ghetto and prison camp? Governments can move fast when they want to. An agreement between the democratic powers, great and small, to accept in numbers proportionate to their resources *all* the refugees from Central Europe and then to work out a plan of gradual redistribution and settlement, would prove that the capacity for statesmanship and decency still exists. The present procrastination of the non-fascist powers is only a little less inexcusable than the overt acts of oppression committed by Hitler.

Somehow, the idea has taken root that because a majority of non-political refugees are Jewish, the burden of their care should fall on the Jews. This monstrous idea contradicts every humane impulse and should be rooted out as a menace to the ideals of democracy that most of us—despite Father Coughlin and Senator Reynolds—still cling to. If not a single Gentile were to be counted among the persecuted millions in Europe, the responsibility for their relief would still rest upon all Americans.

It is a truism to say that the United States is a refugee nation, but it must be repeated every time this question comes up. Who of us today would be in this country—relatively safe—if the United States had not opened its doors to the refugees from Europe's earlier tyrannies? I wouldn't be here. My father's father fled from Prussia with the rest of the voluntary exiles of '48. And the United States welcomed him without question, although he came without money or friends—without even an affidavit!—as it welcomed the thousands who came at the same time and in the years that followed. Was the country poorer for that influx of energy and rebellious spirit and love of democracy?

I am not suggesting any such simple, early American solution of the present refugee problem. I am urging a revival of the spirit that made the right of asylum a genuine part of our legacy of democratic ideas. I am insisting that a wise and generous solution of the problem is essential if democracy itself is to survive. The job belongs to the non-fascist governments, in the end. But today and tomorrow and until we can galvanize those governments into action, the job belongs to all the people—not to the Jews alone. It is a gauntlet thrown at our feet by the fascist dictators. If we refuse to pick it up or pretend we don't see it, we shall have agreed in advance to the annihilation of every decent and humane value in life and have given Hitler his greatest bloodless victory. Democracy cannot afford that surrender.

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Behind British Conscription

BY AYLMER VALLANCE

London, May 2

CONSCRIPTION, except under the duress of actual war, is a big departure from cherished British traditions. It is an issue over which controversy is nation-wide and feelings are passionate. Yet the government's decision to institute compulsory military training—beginning with the 1919 class—was announced with almost brutal haste and with virtually no preliminary attempt to conciliate, or even inform, the opposition leaders. Inevitably, in the circumstances, cynical explanations are given for the Prime Minister's abrupt reversal of a policy repeatedly and recently affirmed. He felt, it is suggested, that conscription could not be long delayed, and that if its enactment did not precede Hitler's speech to the Reichstag it might be regarded by the Führer as a bellicose answer to his declarations, thereby prejudicing the chances of a renewed exercise of "appeasement." An alternative theory is that Mr. Chamberlain deliberately sought to raise dust in the domestic political arena, calculating shrewdly that he would put the Labor Party in the wrong and divert attention from the mysterious failure of the protracted Anglo-Russian negotiations to fructify as yet in any sort of solid alliance against aggression.

On this occasion, I suspect, the cynics are imputing motives unduly Machiavellian. That the method whereby conscription was introduced lacked tact is undeniable, but there is a queer streak of insensitiveness to others' feelings in the Prime Minister's psychology. The facts seem to be that pressure from France in favor of "an earnest of British sincerity" was powerfully reinforced by something like a mutiny on the part of the Committee of Imperial Defense, whose members—generals, admirals, and air marshals—were on the point of resigning in protest against the lack of trained reserves and the absence of any convincing answer to the taunt that Britain was ready to fight to the last drop of French blood. Rattled by the defense professionals and conscious that they had promised France an expeditionary field force of nineteen divisions which could by no means be dispatched, the Cabinet resolved to jettison past assurances and throw overboard along with them the voluntary system of recruitment. That, I think, is the whole story, so far as the government's actual determination of policy is concerned. Parliament's approval is a foregone conclusion; the opposition will be content with sufficient antagonism in debate to "put itself right" on the record.

Nevertheless, the division of opinion in the country is real; disunity is not lightly to be healed. In offering a purely negative opposition to conscription the Labor Party has made a mistake in tactics which will cost it dear; the wiser policy would have been to offer cooperation on terms. The case which its spokesmen make against compulsion represents the views of a substantial minority of the electorate. Briefly summarized, that case is as follows: Conscription is a breach of a pledge given unequivocally by Lord Baldwin and indorsed by Mr. Chamberlain. To recruit a conscript army is contrary to the spirit of British democracy—especially in the absence of any parallel measures to conscript wealth. There is no proof that the voluntary system had failed to produce an ample flow of recruits. Our weakness lay not in shortage of volunteers but in lack of military equipment. Britain's fitting contribution to a European war should take the form not of a mass army on the 1914 scale but of naval and air forces supplemented by a relatively small, highly mechanized, and expert army of a few divisions. Above all, it is essential to oppose conscription enacted by a government whose attitude toward fascism is equivocal, whose foreign policy is a blundering compromise between appeasement and resistance, and whose class bias might lead it to use the new "militia" against labor in industrial disputes.

Thus presented, the case against conscription has obvious weaknesses of which the opposition leaders are well aware. That the government was pledged not to introduce compulsion in peace time is undeniable; but present conditions are so nearly those of war, and the objections to a general election at this juncture are so weighty, that the Prime Minister was on strong ground when he asked Parliament to release him from a pledge no longer apposite to present needs. The argument that conscription is essentially undemocratic hardly squares with the fact that it is accepted in democratic France, Holland, and Switzerland as an essential element in citizenship. In present circumstances, when victory gained in war by the Berlin-Rome axis would mean the end of trade unionism—and much else of civil liberty—in Britain, the talk of ultimate strike-breaking dangers is somewhat far-fetched. Moreover, from the standpoint of strategy, it is difficult to assert positively that Britain might not have to reinforce France with several army corps, and still more difficult to be satisfied that voluntary recruitment was sufficient to meet that possible eventuality. Not only does the regular army—tied seriously by security commitments in Palestine and India—lack trained reserves on which to draw for casualty replacements; but the training of the territorial army—two evenings' drill a

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week and an annual fortnight in camp—is such that even the existing establishment of that force (to say nothing of its projected duplicate battalions now under recruitment) could not be trained up to expeditionary-force standards for at least two years unless it were permanently embodied.

But to call up the territorial army in peace time for continuous service would not merely have been a breach of the terms on which its members had enlisted; it would have resulted in considerable interference with industry and trade through the indiscriminate withdrawal of key men from their civil occupations. Admittedly no effort has been made to test the response to a call for voluntary recruits for the regular army on a short-term basis of, say, twelve months with the colors and three years in the reserve. This might have been an alternative preferable to conscription; but on the whole the majority of the country approves of the government's decision. There is grumbling in the industrial north, where the tendency is observable to blame "London" for having got the country into a "jam." Elsewhere the general attitude is one of resignation.

The real question of moment is not whether the institution of compulsory military service—coupled with an act which empowers the military authorities to proceed, without fuss, to partial or complete mobilization—was a breach of faith or a political error, but whether the government even now "means business" in its professed determination to stand firmly against further acts of aggression. It is not so much the consideration that, even after six months' service, the 200,000 conscripts of the 1919 class will not be a very impressive addition to Britain's land forces. Conscription can, and probably will, be extended to the 1918 and 1917 classes in due course, as more equipment, training facilities, and accommodation become available. Doubts which arise as to the government's real intentions—or, perhaps one should say, hopes—are occasioned by the muddle which still persists in both domestic and foreign policy.

At home the official slogan continues apparently to be "Business more or less as usual." Out of a seven-billion-dollar budget—allowing for the added cost of conscription—over two billion dollars will probably be borrowed. The resulting inflation, since the bulk of the loan expenditure will have to be financed by "short" Treasury bills, is bound to lead rapidly to (1) shortage of materials, plant, and labor unless it is accompanied by both a planned expansion of output and restrictions on non-essential consumption; (2) serious disturbance of our foreign balance of payments unless exports are speedily stimulated and "marginal" imports curtailed. Unhappily, there is no sign that Chancellor Simon is in the least conscious of these problems. The new Ministry of Supply, under a Minister whose record inspires little confidence, will be, initially at all events, a petty adjunct to the War Office, without any of the powers needed to increase and coordinate industrial production. The new taxes on tobacco and sugar, with increased license duties on automobiles, will do little to restrict luxury consumption or divert employment of plant to "near-war" purposes; and it does not seem to have occurred to the government that non-essential imports may have to be reduced. In official circles the ostrich-like attitude still prevails of hoping that British trade, organized—or rather not organized—on laissez faire, individualist lines, can fight totalitarian competition in Europe with the aid of a few million dollars of credit guaranties underwritten by the Treasury. Illusions in Whitehall die hard.

But lack of "economic mobilization" at home—there is little progress to record, either, in the organization of civilian defense—is not the most disquieting feature in the situation. Foreign policy is unintelligible. Weeks ago the U. S. S. R. was approached with an inquiry whether Poland and Rumania could rely on Russian aid in the event of a German attack. In other words, would the U. S. S. R. back the Anglo-French guaranty? Moscow's reply was that the U. S. S. R. was ready to conclude a 100 per cent mutual-assistance pact with Britain—extending the French-Soviet pact already in existence—and, that done, to join with France and Britain in promising "maximum assistance" not merely to Poland and Rumania but to any nation in the west or east of Europe which adhered to the mutual-assistance scheme and was the victim of aggression. Russian insistence on the triple alliance as a preliminary to backing Anglo-French guaranties was motivated by fears that Britain and France might find excuses for backing out of a war in which Germany's attack was directed exclusively eastward. The fears may be justified or baseless; the offer made by the U. S. S. R. was definite and reasonable and represented the only means of making sense out of guaranties to Poland and Rumania. Indeed, the only chance of averting European war is to make it plain beyond peradventure that Germany, if it begins hostilities, will have to fight on two fronts at once. Yet, as I write, the Russian offer is still not accepted by London. All that the Foreign Secretary has done is to assure Mr. Litvinov that the U. S. S. R. would not be expected to aid Poland or the other potential victims unless and until British forces had come into action against Germany in fulfilment of guaranties.

If I could clarify British policy for readers of *The Nation* I should be sincerely happy. It is painful to depict one's country as a "wanderer in the middle mist," and one must not underrate the administrative problems confronting the government in a phase of transition from capitalist individualism relying on international peace to a planned economy semi-mobilized for an all too probable war. Slowly and hesitantly Britain will put itself on a "near-war" footing and will create a formidable fighting force if time allows. But the real aim of policy should

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be to deter axis aggression, not merely to overcome it eventually amid the ruins of Europe. That might still be achieved if the Russian offer of a comprehensive alliance were immediately accepted. Otherwise I fear that the peace front will remain a shaky edifice, offering temptations to German aggression in whatever quarter seems immediately least capable of resistance. The vaunted British guaranty is as perilous for Britain, without the fullest Russian cooperation, as it is precarious for the guaranteed.

From Scripps to Howard

BY ROBERT BENDINER AND JAMES WECHSLER

II. Columns Right!

WHEN Roy Howard steered his papers out of their traditional left-of-center channel he was not content to limit his attentions to the editorial columns. The forces that moved Howard to address himself to that upper-crust 5 per cent of the population that Old Man Scripps had warned against could hardly be expected to spend themselves in those dreary wastes—and they didn't. Scripps-Howard funnies, sports, and helpful hints in the kitchen retain their virginity, but not much else has escaped the advances of the editorial censor.

Howard denies passionately that he lays a heavy hand on his papers, but his indignation does as much violence to the facts as it does honor to his sensitivity. Particularly long-suffering are the political columnists. Broun, Pegler, Johnson, Bromley, Clapper—all have found themselves squeezed out from time to time because of the sacred cows that have been allowed to multiply so prolifically in the Howard barns. An examination of a few of the more glaring instances is instructive more for what it reveals of the trend in policy on the chain than for the simple demonstration that even here a *verboten* list exists. By their taboos ye shall know them.

While they would be the last to yammer about it, Westbrook Pegler and Hugh Johnson—in their columns crack yammerers about everything under heaven—suffer repeated censorship at the hands of the Howard general staff. It may be difficult to imagine what harm a rightward-drifting management could find in the outpourings of Pegler, but Westbrook is a wild boy with a penchant for playing blind man's buff with a shillelagh in his hands. Somebody is always getting hurt, and when the wrong skull is cracked, Pegler doesn't get away with it. When he launched his career as a columnist by indorsing a band of California lynchers, his right of way was hardly more than questioned, and he has done some of the finest red-baiting ever seen in these parts with never a Howard censor to stay his hand. But not long after the Spanish war broke out it occurred to Pegler that the Catholic church in Spain must have had an unsavory past to have turned so many of its sons against it. "If I were a Spaniard who had seen Franco's missionary work among the children," he wrote, "I might see him in hell but never in church," and added words of praise for the Loyalists. But that column never appeared in the New York *World-Telegram,* the unit of the chain most completely under Howard's thumb. Neither was it run in his Cleveland *Press,* which at first explained that "due to transmission delay there will be no column today." Not long after, the editor of the *Press* admitted in his own letter pages that the column was omitted because it was "unnecessarily offensive." When Pegler jumped all over Kansas City's Boss Pendergast, and added a few extra kicks because the Boss had once allowed himself to be decorated by Mussolini, the Buffalo *Times,* then a Scripps-Howard paper, removed the reference completely rather than offend Buffalo Italians. In fact George Lyon, who edited the *Times,* made it the first duty of the day to go over Pegler with a currycomb and remove the riskier barbs.

Hugh Johnson, a slasher in his own right, has had to put up with less than Pegler, but "Ironpants" has had his difficulties, and in his case also the items selected for censorship are enlightening. Of the two outstanding pieces of Johnson that the *World-Telegram* found unfit to print, one was a blast against the Dominican tyrant Trujillo for the cold-blooded massacre of 10,000 Haitians, the other was a tribute to the patriotism of John L. Lewis.

Heywood Broun, who once looked upon the *World-Telegram* as the natural heir to the ghost of liberalism yielded up by the New York *World,* has lived to wear for Roy Howard a halter more chafing than any the Pulitzer brothers tried to force on him. Not only does he put up with the regular quota of political editing, but, like Pegler and Johnson, he knows what it is to have his column jerked, either from the start or between editions. A typical Broun offense occurred during the Pacific Coast shipping strike in 1934, when he ventured to remark that "lawless employers should be restrained, and if they don't like it here I see no possible objection to sending them back where they came from." The line

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ran in the first edition of the Scripps-Howard San Francisco *News* of July 17, 1934, but a flood of telephoned protests from advertisers brought about its speedy elimination from subsequent editions. To the credit of the *News,* however, it should be said that only that paper quoted Hugh Johnson's public attack on "unreasonable" shipping interests during the strike.

But for editing with a vengeance consider the *World-Telegram's* handling of Raymond Clapper in connection with Roosevelt's government-reorganization plan. On April 1, 1938, at least two versions of Clapper's column appeared in the Scripps-Howard press—one in the Washington *Daily News,* and the other in the New York *World-Telegram.* The following section ran in its entirety in the *News;* the italic parts, set off in brackets, were omitted in the *World-Telegram:*

> . . . Newspaper correspondents here are quite generally of the opinion that Roosevelt is edgy and jumpy and is showing the effects of irritation.
>
> [*He would be a superman if he did not. Nobody human could take the beating Roosevelt has been taking lately and not show the bruises.*] The business situation alone is enough to cause him wakeful nights, with the stock market down in the hole almost as far as it was in 1932, with the railroads showing an operating deficit for the first time since the early 1920's, and with all of the New Deal's measures seemingly helpless to bring improvement. The Congress is proceeding to ease up on objectionable taxes, and though there has been a cessation of New Deal legislative proposals, public anxiety has not been eased.
>
> On top of this is the heavy [*political*] bombardment of Roosevelt in connection with the reorganization bill [*which has been magnified into a monumental issue out of proportion to the contents of the measure. Representative Mapes of Michigan said on the House floor that this bill affects every man, woman, and child. Actually it will affect fewer people than almost any other piece of New Deal legislation. It won't even result in sashing the government pay roll. . . .*].
>
> Suddenly Roosevelt finds the reorganization bill is made the vehicle for an attack as bitter as the Supreme Court fight. These attacks [*over a bill some of whose essentials have been advocated by Republican Administrations*] unquestionably have preyed on Roosevelt and have left him with a feeling of futility, a sense of being persecuted, and of being damned if he does and damned if he doesn't.
>
> [*We saw all of this happen to Hoover. It is happening to Roosevelt. We sometimes can be cruel to our Presidents and then when they are seen to wince we begin to gloat and say, "Huh, he can't take it."*]

Clapper, who thus found himself expressing virtually two different points of view on the reorganization bill, devoted the whole of his next day's column to clearing up the issue, under the head: "Why All the Shouting?" The piece appeared in the *News,* but there was no Clapper column at all that day in the *World-Telegram.*

The blue pencil is only the common rifle in the armory of a censorious publisher. There are cruder weapons, and there are those more subtle. In the first category are the scissors and paste used on Rollin Kirby, top cartoonist in the chain and regarded by many as tops for the country. Kirby long had gagged at orders to spend his talents on anti-New Deal sniping and petty red-baiting campaigns, but what made him kick over the traces was Executive Editor Lee B. Wood's order to a staff cartoonist to cut out Infant 1938 in Kirby's New Year cartoon and to substitute a sleeker type, on the ground that, with political intent, the babe had been given too scrawny a figure. Kirby insisted that the laws of proportion as well as his dignity as an artist had been violated and took a six months' leave. Howard succeeded in coaxing him back for a time, but on April 1 of this year, after other distressing experiences, Kirby packed his pencils and departed for good. Then there is the slyer type of censorship that consists in bombarding a writer with carping criticism and assiduously passing along to him every squawk that comes in from a disgruntled editor or agitated reader, however obviously a crank.

Such practices inevitably have had a dispiriting effect on the Scripps-Howard writing corps, and the reporters, feature-writers, artists, and editors who have left the chain in the past five years would make the most glittering newspaper staff in America. Of all the papers in the chain the *World-Telegram* has suffered probably the greatest degree of demoralization. Howard likes to have his men give him advice and insists on their calling him Roy into the bargain; but he has never allowed himself to be convinced that the *World-Telegram* could not be run from Park Avenue simply by bawling high-handed, and frequently conflicting, orders to Wood over the telephone every twenty minutes. In the past few years the *Telegram* has lost such top-notchers as Joe Mitchell (who, reticent though he is, once remarked, "It's becoming increasingly difficult for anyone with honor to work for the *World-Telegram*"), Forrest Davis, Lou Wedemar, Joe Lilly, Wes Price, A. J. Liebling, Ed Johnson, Leon Svirsky, Geraldine Sartain, and Rollin Kirby, and it is highly probable that Heywood Broun will go when his contract expires next December. Washington has seen the departure of Lowell Mellett, who found himself in constant disagreement with the boss over political policy, Max Stern, Robert Horton, and Herbert Little. All four now hold posts in the government, as does Frederick Charles, who abandoned the Buffalo *Times.* George West found editorial writing for the San Francisco *News* too much when an editorial arrived from Washington, presumably written by the once liberal George Parker, indorsing Philip Bancroft, Califor-

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nia's union-hater number one, for the United States Senate. And so it has gone—not just normal personnel turnover, but the loss of many of the most liberal—and brilliant—newspapermen in the chain. Not all of these left purely for reasons of policy, but it is noteworthy that Scripps-Howard has lost its attraction for precisely the kind of personnel that built up its reputation.

There are still good men left on the Scripps-Howard papers, and the fire has not gone out entirely. But it is burning low. It is hard for a handful of men to keep up the crusading Scripps tradition against the hostility of a management with other things on its mind. The chain once justified low salaries on the ground that the bright cub could confidently expect to run a Scripps paper of his own in the not too distant future—valid enough in the old days—but young men no longer look forward to any future in the Scripps-Howard organization. So disastrous have been the experiences of a few good *World-Telegram* men assigned to executive posts in smaller cities that such calls are now regarded as a calamity.

E. W. Scripps

This closing of the frontier for the crusading youngbloods is the inevitable result of the change that has come over the chain. It is first and foremost a business. "We come here simply as news merchants," Roy Howard told the Denver Chamber of Commerce. "We are here to sell advertising and sell it at a rate profitable to those who buy it. But first we must produce a newspaper with news appeal that will result in a circulation." The properties of the crusading champion of the 95 per cent have come under the control of chamber-of-commerce mentalities uninhibited by even a shred of liberal background or conviction: men like W. W. Hawkins, who tried to sell Howard a Stop-Roosevelt program as early as 1936 and was greatly disturbed that Howard thought it inadvisable to come out openly for Landon nationally and for Bleakley in New York; men like Fred Ferguson, who operates the N. E. A. as a flourishing branch business of the chain; and men like Merlin H. Aylesworth, publisher of the *World-Telegram*. Before he took up publishing for Roy Howard, "Deac" Aylesworth's only experience in "giving light" was in his capacity as head of the National Electric Light Association, a bald propaganda agency for the public utilities which disbanded after a blistering exposé at the hands of the Federal Trade Commission. Aylesworth is sometimes regarded as a key figure in the chain, but his importance is more symbolic than practical. He was appointed to get advertising and has almost nothing to do with policy. Nevertheless, the thought of making an Aylesworth even nominally the publisher of the chain's leading paper would have burst a Scripps blood vessel.

An even more infelicitous appointment was that of Ralph Hendershot to the financial editorship of the *World-Telegram*. The selection was made at the suggestion of Rudolph Guenther, a partner in one of the two biggest financial-advertising firms in Wall Street. In October, 1935, Hendershot came what certainly would have been a cropper anywhere else in the course of the trial of William H. Rabell, former investigator for the SEC. Rabell was being tried for accepting a bribe from J. Edward Jones, an oil promoter who had been under investigation by the SEC and who asserted that he had given the bribe. Hendershot entered the picture when it was revealed that while editor of the *World-Telegram's* financial columns he had received checks from Jones amounting to $1,542. Jones testified that the money was paid to Hendershot for his advice and counsel in connection with the organization of the National Petroleum Council, a creation of Jones's intended to line up independent oil producers in a fight on the federal petroleum code. He told the court that the payments were listed in his books as "fees" but admitted that one of them was actually designated as for "advertising." Lee Wood, contending on the stand that the payments in no way influenced Hendershot's financial page, testified, according to *Editor and Publisher*, that he had "found no mention in the *World-Telegram* of the thing in which Mr. Jones was interested." But in fact during the period covered by these payments at least eight articles appeared in the *Telegram's* financial columns on the subject, including several which dealt with Jones himself and one that featured his picture. Putting even the best light on this whole transaction, it might be suggested that a labor editor who accepted $1,500 from, say, Harry Bridges for helping him promote a little organization on the side would hardly survive the exposure—even if he didn't just happen to have run articles on Bridges during the time he drew the fee. Hendershot, however, continues to keep *World-Telegram* readers posted on affairs financial.

The holy quest for advertising, Roy Howard's personal predilections, the natural sympathies of a big newspaper business for other big business institutions—in all these is to be found in part the explanation of the drift from Scripps to Howard. But there is one other factor, not fundamental perhaps, but certainly contributory, namely, the American Newspaper Guild. In its

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infancy Roy Howard greeted the Guild unit on the *World-Telegram* as a "healthy" sign. After all, trade unionism was neither a new nor a revolutionary thing in 1934, and the Scripps-Howard papers had long championed the rights of labor to organize. Nevertheless, he was worried, and apparently he hoped that by patting the boys on the head and making concessions on wages and hours he could satisfy the group without actually coming to terms with the Guild as such. This is not quite as evil as it sounds, because the question was undoubtedly complicated by the tradition of paternalism in the chain. It was simply Howard's mistake to imagine, piously enough no doubt, that the tradition could linger on indefinitely without the slightest foundation and in direct opposition to a rising tradition of labor consciousness. As Forrest Davis reports, he "personalized the Guild issue. It really got under his skin. These were not mechanical workers but his own professional flesh and blood who . . . were turning to outsiders like William Green." Whatever the wellsprings of the Howard attitude, its effects were not different from those of the anti-union position of other employers. He has never pushed matters far enough to provoke a strike, although the *Telegram* unit got as far as a strike vote, but he has battled hard to avoid recognizing the Guild and has employed all the more subtle techniques. As Howard fought, he became increasingly bitter. His hackneyed defense of the "free press" against the onslaughts of the Guild are hardly to be distinguished from Frank Gannett's, and it is unlikely that he loses memory of his first-hand struggle with industrial trade unionism when he formulates editorial policy on the C. I. O. He is, at the very least, an interested party.

Superficially, it would seem that the changes that have come over the Scripps-Howard organization have done the business no good. In eight months no fewer than four papers have been wiped out. In July, 1938, the Buffalo *Times* went on the block. In the following month the Toledo *News-Bee* and the Akron *Times-Press* disappeared. The *Oklahoma News* breathed its last on February 24, 1939. Earlier casualties were the Baltimore *Post* in 1934 and the Youngstown *Telegram* in 1936, and at least four other units of the chain—the San Diego *Sun*, the Birmingham *Post*, the Denver *Rocky Mountain News*, and the Fort Worth *Press*—are bringing less and less financial joy to their owners.

Nevertheless, it can be categorically stated that the chain as a whole is in no sense suffering a financial decline. The newspaper business throughout the country is hardly enjoying a period of prosperity, and Howard and Company have been hit no harder than their competitors. At least part of the reason for the extinction of these properties goes deeper than the temporary loss of profits.

In at least two instances recent Scripps-Howard fatalities can be directly linked with policy. The Akron *Times-Press*, under the editorship of Walter Morrow, was a hard-hitting liberal newspaper. Morrow was the champion of a swift-rising union movement in Akron and an ardent defender of the New Deal, and he had succeeded in pulling the circulation up from a depression low of 34,100 to something like 50,000. Suddenly, in the early stages of a seething mayoralty campaign in which labor had nominated its own candidate on the Democratic ticket, Morrow was removed and "promoted" to a new post in Denver. The paper wavered until the last Sunday before the election, when it published an editorial declining to indorse either the labor candidate or his Republican opponent. Akron labor, dumfounded, abandoned the *Times-Press* for having "sold out to the industry"; the paper, suffering a marked loss in prestige, proceeded to drop circulation again. Within a year the whole property was sold to the Akron *Beacon-Journal*. Similarly the Toledo *News-Bee*, one of the first of the Scripps papers and known for years as a "labor" paper, in 1938 launched a running battle against the C. I. O. By March of this year its circulation had fallen off to a point so far below that of its chief competitor that it was beyond recovery, and in August it went out along with the Akron *Times-Press*.

What stands out in the death of these papers is not the fact that they were losing money for the owners, but that they were permitted to lose money by flagrantly alienating their labor and liberal readers and were then extinguished. The process is significant as a likely clue to the future of the chain. Papers in general are either "mass" or "class"; and the distinction is not one for idle "ideologists" to ponder. It is fundamental in the distribution of advertising. "Mass" papers with huge circulations, like the New York *News*, can afford to admit that they are "mass" papers; others find it the most drastic kind of handicap, because the cream of advertising goes to the "class" papers, while the others depend on bargain-basement sales, credit clothing stores, and cheap-jewelry emporiums. In their earliest days the Scripps journals joyfully branded themselves the "workingman's papers." Where that mark can be erased by patient and dogged demonstrations of respectability, well and good; but where the brand is too deep and the competition too unmistakably "class," extinction is the order of the day. Scripps-Howard wants not greater but

Roy Howard

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richer circulation. In some cities the Scripps-Howard paper is still the most liberal and the most decent paper in town, but the tide is running the other way. If Rome wasn't built in a day, neither did it degenerate overnight. The important thing is not the remnants of liberalism in the Scripps-Howard papers, sizable as they may be, but the fact that they *are* remnants.

[*Part I of this article appeared last week.*]

Living Philosophies

XV. REASON AND EXPERIENCE*

BY JULES ROMAINS

ANY individual with a really active and vital sense of the function of the mind will find himself in considerable difficulty, even painfully confused, when asked to explain the principal problems man faces and to state, as nearly as possible, what he thinks of the general nature of things.

Only those who rigidly adhere to inherited beliefs or those who after a period of investigation have arrested the development of their minds by reducing their beliefs to a fixed system will remain unconfused by such a question. As far as I am concerned, I have always tried to avoid these easy attitudes, not because of any natural restlessness or taste for change, but because of the significance I attribute to the mind. For me the function of the mind consists in evolving an always more satisfactory and feasible awareness of reality. There is always some aspect of reality for the mind to uncover, some aspect it has not discerned before, or has not rightly appraised. On the other hand, reality itself is changing more or less quickly. When the mind, therefore, is impeded by a system or credo, it is really reduced to losing contact with reality. I might add, in all fairness, that in the normal course of life systematic doctrines, through the influence they exercise, have the power to *modify* reality. It is consequently not absurd for a thinker, though he does not even *in petto* attribute a definite value to his system, to attempt to enforce it to the extent to which he expects it to alter reality. This belief, it is true, is only justifiable in the case of the thinker who deals in human values. The pure metaphysician who expects his system to alter the cosmos might be accused of simple lunacy.

SCIENCE AND THE PSYCHIC

I am not a skeptic, even though I do not believe the mind capable of arriving at the absolute and inevitable truth of any subject, even though I believe that, after having approximated a truth, the mind may temporarily deviate from it. I believe that in the course of history, provided civilization is not interrupted by catastrophe, truth will be approached more and more closely. This in itself is a kind of optimism. I believe also that the mind's main difficulty does not lie so much in arriving at conclusions true for one particular order of experience. The difficulty lies in discovering a means of coordinating conclusions reached while working on different kinds of reality or while reaching out in various directions the nature of which changes with each particular epoch.

For example, it is very difficult to reconcile the admittedly precise ideas of modern science in the realm of physical phenomena with the perhaps equally valuable ideas reached in those epochs when man was concerned with spiritual or psychic phenomena—do not think that modern science, so often denounced as materialistic, is threatened by a revolution that will destroy its tested results. The only results which may be threatened are those based on overgeneralized, premature, or uncertain hypotheses. However, science may one day find itself confronted by results so coherent and conclusive, achieved through methods still roughly described as "psychic," that it will be impossible for it to regard these results, as it now does, as null and void. Many people believe that then all will be clear sailing, so-called "positive" science needing only to be confined to its actual domain, and all other knowledge, now regarded as pure superstition or relegated to the "unknown" or disdainfully ignored as metaphysical, left to develop outside its boundaries. But things will not be quite so simple. Once the most important results of psychic experimentation are proved—if they need be—and officially recognized as "truths," positive science will be challenged *in its own province*. It will then become necessary for human consciousness, which up to this point has chosen to be unaware of the approaching conflict through fear of the responsibilities involved, to resort to arbitration. That would be a grave crisis, as grave as the crisis caused by the application of scientific discoveries to the industrial technique. It may change the life of humanity itself.

I believe this crisis to be possible, probable, even imminent. That is because I am, on the one hand, *a rationalist*, in the sense that I have entire confidence in the results of reasoning that is correct and free of the a priori

* Translated by Christopher Lazare.

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method; also in the sense that I attribute to reason the right to investigate critically all types of experience. But, on the other hand, I believe that experience always has the last word. (This principle—call it Baconian, if you will—is the one that guided me some years ago in my work on extra-retinal vision and my consequent struggle with official scientific authority.) I shall never admit that reason should refuse to consider a fact of experience merely because it is improbable and contrary to the postulates of science to date. All the worse for science to date. Taking into account the new fact, it must simply begin anew its exposition of the nature of things. For example: perhaps some day two or three experiments conducted under absolutely rigorous critical control will demonstrate that certain persons in a particular psychic state are able to foresee and describe a future event in a way that excludes all possibility of explanation through coincidence, logical foresight, the realization of some unconscious desire, or suggestion. When this happens, I hold that human reason will have to discard very nearly all its current ideas about time, space, causality, the determinism or indeterminism of phenomena, human free-will, the nature of the soul and the cosmos, and so on. Briefly, this would be the greatest revolution conceivable. A lesser revolution but none the less a serious one would occur in our ideas and sentiments if life after death, of whatever form and duration, could be proved a fact by scientific investigation instead of being relegated, as it is today, to arbitrary faith.

In some respects I am even a *surrationalist,* in the sense that I readily attribute to the soul, in certain individual and privileged cases, the power of discovering reality by direct inspiration. I believe that such inspirations have occurred often enough in the history of the human soul. But—and I emphasize this because it is the source of much confusion—to me the rule seems to be that these profoundly credible illuminations occur time and again amid a multitude of states of consciousness which may resemble them but which are merely dreams or illusions. The role of reason, in this case, is not to influence the soul to reject all these states without distinction, but to help it to recognize those illuminations that are genuine.

I have used the word soul several times. In truth I accord the spiritual and psychic an eminent place in the universe. I am not at all inclined to believe that consciousness and the intellect are superimposed and episodic phenomena in their relationship to the forces and mechanisms of the material world. I do not conceive as yet, and perhaps I never shall, what type of relationship unites matter and spirit in the cosmos. Nor do I know whether the spiritual is coextensive with the realm of material phenomena, or whether, on the other hand, it occupies a privileged zone. Traditional metaphysics would say that the question lacks meaning, that the spiritual principle has no connection with space. I am not quite so sure. I do not believe that space is by nature any more foreign to the structure of spiritual reality than is time. That is what permits me to attach special importance to the notion of the "psychic continuum." Let me explain what I mean. I do not deny the existence of those concrete, well-defined forms which we may call individual souls. But I am inclined to think they are linked and supported by a vast, diffused spirituality whose limits perhaps coincide with those of the cosmos itself, and to which space, with certain of its restrictions and privileges, is probably not indifferent.

HUMANITY—AN ADVENTURE OF GROUPS

I believe particularly that the facts of *proximity* may hold as much significance for individual "souls" or "psychic entities" as they do for physical bodies. Or even perhaps that proximity between one and another element of the cosmos might precipitate a relationship psychic in nature, or enhance such a relationship if it already exists. "Proximity augments," as I once wrote; "it feeds on reality." The words were meant to convey some idea of the fundamental rapport between what appears to us as matter and what appears to us as spirit.

From such a point of view *groups* take on a notable significance. In my opinion, the general nature of reality might very profitably be examined in the light of this idea of the group. We might seek to discover, for example, what there is about elementary things of all sorts that causes us to believe they are possessed of a certain unity when interrelated, and form something greater than themselves. We should realize that the question is very complex and obscure. We might, for example, establish an infinity of intermediary cases between two extremes. One of these extremes might be an arbitrary collection of objects grouped together only by some convention, objects that may not even at all times share a physical proximity or some common relationship. The other might be some such organism as the human body. We should be extremely confused by those intermediary cases where we could not tell whether we were still dealing with a disparate collection of objects or beings or were being confronted by the beginnings of an organic unity. We should also find that it is not as simple as it seems to determine which is and which is not an *organic bond.*

But it is in the human sphere that the problem takes on breadth and vital interest. The reader may know that I have devoted a great deal of attention to human groups. When "unanimism" is discussed, it ordinarily designates a specialized study, largely a literary one, of the life of human groups and the relationship between the individual and these groups.

I believe, in fact, that the adventure of humanity is essentially an adventure of groups. It is also an adventure of individuals in conflict with groups or with each

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other. This conflict is maintained under conditions which bring into constant play the aptitude for forming multiple ties, truly biological associations, as well as the aptitude for warding off the forces of "dispossession," both spiritual and physical, which groups or collectivities of various kinds may exercise over the individual.

Reduced to its simplest form this statement contains very little originality. The life of society at whatever level has always been considered important as a key to the explanation of human action. Experience, however, has proved that this bare statement takes on a special power of illumination when one endows the idea of the group with its full richness of content, its efficacy, one might almost say its virulence. Especially when one need not be afraid to look for the organic bond elsewhere than in mere metaphors and abstractions.

It will be noted that this quest profits by one very remarkable circumstance. Man forms part of the groups, the organizations, the associations which he seeks to understand. The situation is analogous to the one in which he finds himself when he attempts to probe human consciousness. As he himself is "human consciousness," the facts he investigates occur within him, form a part of himself. He manages to grasp many of them, and to grasp them—without detriment to other methods—in a firm and essential way by the direct means of introspection, that is to say, by consciousness carried to a high degree of acuteness and subtlety. There is a direct connection of the same kind between man and the groups or communities of which he is part. This connection cannot be questioned even by the most positivist, the most critical minds. They, for instance, admit that as part of society we can, more readily than if we were not part of it, take account of the internal mechanisms of that society and understand the *raison d'être* of the varied behavior of social man. True, this internal awareness does not reveal everything. But I for one go farther. I hold, on the basis of an experience of a particular nature, that we are able, with the aid of certain refinements of attention, to grasp the inter-human organic bond in its most intrinsic and invisible form, its most fugitive nascent stages.

Now it becomes a question of reaching a psychic reality which is not external to us but which envelops us. I am far from believing—even if I have appeared to say so at certain times—that this enveloping psychic reality does not exceed the bounds of human groups. But human groups elaborate and condense it in a fashion, raise it to a higher degree, just as the human consciousness condenses and raises to a higher plane some psychic reality which exceeds the limitations of personal identity.

DICTATORSHIP AND THE UNANIMOUS LIFE

I have been reproached for having "deified" the group. And it is true I have pronounced words on the subject dangerous to the extent that they might provoke a confusion between the real and the desirable. As a matter of fact, I have always insisted that the power of the group over the individual is justified only to the extent to which it finds expression in and by the spontaneity of the individual. I have condemned the restrictions imposed upon the individual from without by society and its institutions. As forcibly as I could I have emphasized the contrast between "society," conceived as a system of restraints and conventions, and "the unanimous life," conceived as the free expression of human groups and implying the voluntary surrender of the individual to their influence and attractions. I have indicated the danger inherent in the very idea of the state, with all its germs of juridical formalism and oppression. I have even declared that a certain infusion of "anarchy" is indispensable to avert the demoniacal mechanization of society and to salvage "the unanimous life." On the other hand, I have always maintained the extreme importance—for good or evil—of the leader.

The political and social events of the last twenty years have but confirmed these opinions. It has been said, ironically—and hardly to make me feel happy—that the founders of totalitarian governments are to some extent my disciples. My reply was that these governments are merely a burlesque of unanimism, and that they err, and err gravely, in two important respects. First, they proceed by coercion and are as far as possible from fostering the free expression of the masses. Second, they have a shockingly oversimplified idea of unanimity. They interpret it as an inexorable uniformity of thought, an inflexible and sterile union. Unanimism postulates the richest possible variety of individual states of consciousness, in a harmony made valuable by its richness and density. This harmony is necessary before any glimpse can be given of the birth of those states of consciousness that transcend the individual spirit.

My chief objections to the Soviet commune are based on the same reasons. I regret that the constraint, the juridical abstractions, the oppressive mechanism of institutions, the state, should so greatly dominate social spontaneity, collective pleasure, diversity of life experience.

I am not blind to the fact that a totalitarian government, such as a dictatorship, may obtain concrete results more quickly and radically than another. But this short cut is made possible only by violence and destruction, by sacrificing worthy individuals and entire classes, by the imposition upon an entire generation of a restrained and constricted life, the rewards of which are the hypothetical happiness of future generations. It is good for each generation to show concern and love for the future. But I am completely opposed to the idea of one generation sacrificing itself to those following it. History has always shown that to be a fool's bargain. There is no reason why such sacrifices might not be repeated indefinitely to the end of time, always for the benefit of some future genera-

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tion. The present has its rights and duties to itself. The wisest, or the least foolish, eras have been those which thought of themselves first. At the same time, they have worked better for the future than the others, not in bequeathing it systems to be revised, feuds to be settled, ruins to be reconstructed, but in leaving behind a certain apprenticeship to happiness. Let us add that the accomplishments of coercion rarely endure. That succeeding generation whose happiness, by sacrificing your own, you think you have established, is usually in the greatest haste to undo your work.

The fault I now find in ideas I formerly held, a fault I have corrected, is in not having sufficiently emphasized the role of reason in individual or collective life. Without a vigilant and unimpeded exercise of the reason no lasting progress can be established for humanity, and all evils become possible. Reason functions only on the plane of individual consciousness, or among individual consciousnesses which reject all collective emotion, all coercion by the group. It follows that I believe in the permanent value of democratic principles and fundamental democratic institutions: a government created by assemblies duly elected and self-checked, and thus by opinions formed as liberally as possible with absolute respect for the rights of the individual. Democratic governments are certainly the only ones which offer unanimous and spiritual life its freest scope, thanks to which the unanimism of action now developing in the masses can be preserved from barbarous deviations and slowly become impregnated with reason.

I do not believe the future of humanity is hopeless, despite the great perils which beset it under our very eyes. But salvation will not come automatically. Even if time is merely an illusion, events still occur as though history were a series of crossroads, and as though at each crossroad the forceful exertion of will of a man or of several men—or, it may be, the lack of will and abandonment to blind chance—gave events a direction which formerly was merely one possibility among many but which subsequently became irrevocable. I therefore firmly believe in men of will as factors in history, and I attach great importance to whether or not they be men of good-will.

I have no fear of mechanization. It is sufficient to know how to take advantage of it.

I believe, despite unfavorable present indications, that humanity is tending toward the suppression of war; toward the intellectual and economic emancipation, by democratic means, of the masses; toward the diminishing, if not the abolition, of class distinctions and political frontiers; toward the cure of the psychosis of nationalism; toward an international police and a federal government of the world. It depends upon us to make this take place as soon as possible, and to prevent great, almost irreparable, misfortunes from occurring in the interim.

Everybody's Business

Profits Without Confidence

NEWSPAPER readers who confine themselves to the main news pages may very easily harbor the belief that the great mass of corporate industry is heading for bankruptcy. Day after day, reports of speeches, interviews with business pundits, and editorials inform them that our economy is languishing because profit prospects are too poor to encourage new investment. They read of careworn executives, harried by government officials, vainly endeavoring to pay huge taxes from huger losses. Only the red-ink industry, they may well conclude, is in a flourishing condition.

By turning to the financial pages the reader can find a useful corrective to this unhappy picture. True, these pages are not devoid of gloom, but they also contain evidence that many of our big corporations are not purely philanthropic bodies. In the May Bulletin of the National City Bank there is a summary of the financial results for the first quarter of the current year of 305 leading industrial corporations. Combined net profits, less deficits, were $206 million—more than double the amount earned by the same companies in the first quarter of 1938. This represents an annual return of 7.7 per cent on the net worth of these corporations, compared with one of 3.4 per cent in the corresponding quarter of 1938. Of course, profits for a single quarter are no indication of the results for a complete year, but the figures suggest that American industry can do pretty well for itself even in a period when business is far from booming.

It was able, in fact, in the first three months of this year, to do a great deal better than labor. The following table tells an interesting story:

FEDERAL RESERVE INDEXES *(First quarter)*

	1938	*1939*
Industrial production	79.3	99.0
Factory employment	88.6	91.3
Factory pay rolls	76.3	85.0

We see, then, that a rise of 25 per cent in industrial production was sufficient to produce a rise of more than 100 per cent in the profits of the group of companies mentioned above. But the corresponding rise in employment was almost negligible, while pay rolls were only up about 11 per cent. This suggests that employers were able to handle most of the increased production by giving fuller employment to the workers actually on the rolls. It is also an indication of the tremendous increase in production which will be necessary to absorb all the unemployed.

In most modern industries profits are incomparably more elastic than production. Thus in the first quarter of this year General Motors sales were 46.8 per cent higher than in 1938, but profits were more than 600 per cent higher. What made this tremendous improvement possible? The most important factor, undoubtedly, was sheer volume. In a mass-production industry overhead charges are a large element in costs but one which does not vary greatly as output rises. Thus once production achieves the break-even point, every additional unit turned out carries a smaller proportion of fixed costs and

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contributes a larger proportion of profit. In the past six months there have been additional factors favorably affecting General Motors and other automobile manufacturers. There have, for instance, been reductions in the price of several materials, notably steel sheets. Possibly of even greater importance is a fall in labor costs brought about not by a decline in wage-rates but by an increase in labor efficiency. According to Leigh S. Plummer, writing in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 27, "In November and December, after the change-over of 1939 models, when production and value of output were near the January-February, 1937, level, the labor-cost index was running around 107, or well under the January-February, 1937, level, despite the fact that wages were some 15 per cent higher." It is worth noting that, in spite of the reductions on many models last fall, automobile prices are still about 8 per cent higher than at the beginning of 1937.

What is true of the automobile industry holds for manufacturing as a whole. An index constructed by the National Industrial Conference Board shows that the output per man-hour of factory workers was some 15 per cent higher in March than a year before and 26 per cent higher than in 1929. This fall in labor costs has not been accompanied by a commensurate fall in wholesale prices. The Federal Reserve Index number for "other commodities," which covers the chief groups of manufactured articles, was 91.6 for 1929. For 1937 it was 85.3; for March, 1938, 82.6; and for March, 1939, 80.4.

Let us now attempt to draw some conclusions from the mass of statistics through which we have been wading. We see that industry is at present operating on a fairly profitable basis, thanks to a rise in production accompanied by a fall in costs due to technological improvements and greater labor efficiency. Prices have declined, but not to the same extent as costs; so that profit margins have widened. It would seem, then, that the immediate outlook for profits is not such as to cause alarm. But, we are told, further recovery depends on a greater volume of new investment, and that is being thwarted by fears of government policies. I should like to suggest that industry would readily forget such fears if orders increased to an extent that strained capacity. What will produce such new orders?

The most important remedy, I believe, lies in the hands of industry itself. The reduction of costs it has achieved in the past two years leaves it with a margin which could be used to lower prices and so give the consumer some of the benefits of technological progress. This would be a positive step toward stimulating demand, increasing production, and reducing unemployment. Very possibly profits would also benefit, since bigger volume would make possible a further decline in unit costs. Such a price policy, it seems to me, would do more than any possible government action to restore confidence and encourage new investment.

In a recent editorial the *Wall Street Journal* accused the cotton-growing interests of sacrificing market to price. The criticism was, no doubt, merited, but it is one which might be leveled still more legitimately at many branches of manufacture. Perhaps when it has finished castigating the planters, the *Wall Street Journal* will find a use for its birch nearer home.

KEITH HUTCHISON

In the Wind

INTRODUCING JUSTICE BLACK at the *Columbia Law Review's* "off the record" dinner, the chairman asked him to explain "where Justice McReynolds has been all these years." Black, ignoring the invitation, said he would discuss "art and the weather." He did. Less judicious was Mayor LaGuardia at a Harvard affair. He talked on "How to Become a Judge," emphasizing the commercial techniques.

ALTHOUGH IT was in type and ready for publication, a critical blast against corporation accounting methods was suddenly lifted from the June issue of *Fortune*. The author was Kenneth MacNeal, whose outspoken book, "Truth in Accounting," has just been issued by the University of Pennsylvania Press. His *Fortune* article, covering the Coster case and general accounting evils, was carefully checked by the editors and put in type. Pressure was brought by an outstanding firm of accountants to have the article killed, and on April 28 the editors considered dropping the piece but decided to stick to their guns. That week-end Publisher Henry Luce and Treasurer Charles Stillman conferred with the accounting firm's agents. On May 1 they ordered the story killed and the June issue revamped.

PRO-CHINESE CIRCLES in this country are alarmed by the wide sale of "Chinese silk" here, sponsored by Chinese business men. While they have no evidence that the silk doesn't come from China, they do know there is very little Chinese silk available; and in any case they are certain it will cripple the boycott movement by making it impossible to spot a violation of the boycott. Great concern over the development has been expressed by government officials in China.

MOVIE DEPARTMENT: The British Board of Censors won't pass "I Was a Captive in Nazi Germany" and "Professor Mamlock"; in general all anti-Nazi films are being discouraged. . . . William Randolph Hearst's two San Francisco papers, the *Call-Bulletin* and the *Examiner*, won't accept advertising for Russian films.

FLORIDA'S GOVERNOR CONE made the headlines last year with his bitter opposition to federal anti-lynching legislation; he insisted that the states could handle the problem. Recently a Negro cab driver at Daytona Beach accidentally ran over a boy. He was arrested, but while being taken to jail was snatched from the sheriff by the boy's brothers and riddled with bullets. To a Workers' Defense League official who wrote him in protest, Governor Cone replied: "It was not a lynching but a murder, and is in the hands of the officers of the law."

ALTHOUGH THE German government disavows any link with American Nazis, the German consul general's office in New York can give you Fritz Kuhn's telephone number without looking it up. Try it.

[*Readers are invited to submit material for In the Wind. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

San Francisco, May 9

"IT LOOKS as if it had risen complete just as it is, right out of the ocean, a long-lost Atlantis appearing to delight the eye by its beauty and perfection"—that was the comment of a friend of mine after a first sight of the Golden Gate Exposition by day and by night. It is beautiful enough to make even a hardened exposition-goer rhapsodize, and since Treasure Island did rise out of the sea in the course of the two years of its creation, the words that I have quoted are not without justification. I do not know of any other world's fair that had such a truly remarkable setting and was at the same time so accessible to visitors. Treasure Island is alongside the great new Bay Bridge, which leads from San Francisco to Oakland, so that access to it by automobile is simple and speedy. Ferryboats cross the water to it from both sides, charging a ten-cent fare, and land their passengers directly at the great gateway, from which there is a magnificent panorama of both the Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge and of the city of San Francisco itself.

The Fair is of course relatively small and compact. It does not appear as strikingly "modern" as Mr. Whalen's creation. It probably would commend itself little to Frank Lloyd Wright except as a tasteful continuation of an architectual past. It has not the bizarreness of the New York fair, nor does it give such an impression of strength and power. To me the New York exposition typifies in part the brute force which today dominates the world and in part the vast, crude power which is modern industry. In its exquisite setting in the almost unsurpassed harbor of a city singularly devoid of heavy industry, the Golden Gate Fair bespeaks the unity and harmony of the Pacific Coast. You feel at once that it looks across the water in the direction in which fly the great Hawaiian and China Clippers that take off from Treasure Island, emerging from permanent hangars and the "Port of Trade Winds" which is to be theirs for the years to come, and leaving or arriving with the regularity of streamlined trains departing for Chicago. It has something of the Orient, something of the preciousness of Oriental art. It is a gem set in a gorgeousness that can be best felt when the sun goes down in the Pacific beyond the Golden Gate.

I went to the Fair one evening with a good deal of trepidation. I feared that in the lighting there might have been a yielding to the temptation to overdo the coloring, to draw upon the whole spectrum. I had even heard that some of the effects were not in the best of taste, but of that I could discover nothing. Since I have not seen the New York lighting effects, I cannot compare them, but I am sure they cannot surpass those here. To see the Court of Flowers and the Court of the Seven Seas at night, to mention two, is to gain exquisite impressions not of something flamboyant and exotic but of the timeless and restful beauty to be found in Pacifica. This effect is heightened by the conventionalized style of the Japanese, East Indian, and Johore buildings. Yet it must not be thought that the Fair is devoid of all evidence of the newer trends of architecture. Not at all. The United States Government Building, with its brilliant and powerful and moving murals, is most original, and the striking Argentine Building, which houses the best-arranged and most informative exhibit I have ever seen in reasonable compass, the San Francisco Host Building, and many others give the modern touch without the slightest suggestion of eccentricity. As for the other murals, the statuary, and the other decorations, it can only be said again that here is perfect taste as well as perfect harmony; I doubt if in New York there can be anything finer than the treasures in the Fine Arts Building, especially in the field of early Italian art. To find here Botticelli's Birth of Venus and Raphael's Madonna della Sedia, and some equally striking works of other masters, is startling indeed. One wonders how the Italian galleries were induced to risk these treasures on so long a trip.

I come back to one field in which the World of Tomorrow is hopelessly beaten. Nothing that New York can do will equal the beauty or the extent of the flowers that greet the visitor at every turn. California is outdoing itself. Such rhododendrons, such azaleas, such irises as I have seen must be beheld to be believed. When to this is added the California sky, the rarity of the atmosphere, and the sparkling waters of the bay, you have a combination no Eastern setting could possibly approach. So I say, come to San Francisco and see for yourselves. See a city which is conscious of and proud of its past. It does not kotow to the East and does not have to do so. It has much to offer and it offers it in the grand manner. The only drawback is that the weather has not been as propitious as it should be. Of course it never rains, but the evenings are so cold that one needs a stout overcoat. The one thing that San Francisco cannot regulate is the fog that drifts in and keeps it cool here when other places are sweltering.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Waldo Frank's Dream

THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH. By Waldo Frank. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.75.

FRANK'S new novel is his most objective, mature, and interesting one so far. To be sure, it displays, though to a reduced degree, his chief defects as a novelist. For one thing it redirects our attention to the truth that while Frank oftentimes is a gifted, vigorous, and immensely thoughtful writer, to all appearances he is not a natural one in the sense that D. H. Lawrence was and Sherwood Anderson and even William Carlos Williams are. The natural's ebullience, sense of wonder, and sheer delight in the pursuit of his calling color and brighten few of the pages of "The Bridegroom Cometh." A feeling of effort or of strain weighs on many of them. And the volume more than occasionally exasperates, for the reason that its main subject, the psycho-sexual development of a heroic but neurotic American girl, frequently is handled without finesse. Frank may not be considered consistently endowed with taste. Again, and what is more unfortunate, a human touch often is absent from his representations of the jazz age through which he moves his heroine. The feeling imparted by them still is somewhat harsh, infrequently compassionate: in the very face of the circumstance that miserable human and social disorders have existed in periods previous to the war and in post-war decades and doubtless will exist in epochs successive to our own. More than once through the veil of the pictures of this pitiful *fin de siècle* we still discern a grouchy, unsympathetically judicial stare.

At the same time, the book draws our attention with a new firmness to Frank's indubitable superiorities. The vision it communicates not only is more regularly comprehensive of realities than the vision of his earlier novels. It is inward, comprehensive of the roots and forces of real things and of spiritual values: more so than is that of the very charming work whose territory "The Bridegroom Cometh" sometimes invades—Dos Passos's "U. S. A."—and thus is significant of an ever-deepening penetration. And the incisiveness of the psychological observation, merged with the narrative and rounding the figures of the heroine and the contrasting personages—and *they* are more convincing than those of the earlier novels—indicates the growth of the author's keen analytical faculty. The book's assemblage and fairly satisfactory fusion of wide, variegated, and dramatic contacts with life also reveal the freer activity of his imagination and the increase of his substantial technique. Above all, "The Bridegroom Cometh" vividly redirects our attention to the magnificent dream to which Frank indubitably is host, which seems to be working in him and to be the volume's intended content, as it was that of its predecessors. This circumstance is the chief of those which, despite the journalistic quality of some of "The Bridegroom's" realism, make it important.

It has been in the world for many more than a hundred years, this lordly dream. Freshly symbolized in the figure of Euphorion in the second part of Goethe's "Faust," it became the master-idea of Heine and the Young Germans of the 1830's and reappeared majestically in Ibsen's "Emperor and Galilean." It is the dream of a Third Realm successive to the pagan and the Christian centuries (Hitler in fact purloined its name for the benefit of his monstrous caliphate): a Kingdom established by the reconciliation of spirit and body, holiness and beauty, Christianity and Hellenism; reincarnating God on earth and in the moment and Jesus in a just, fraternal social order. The mysterious "whole" so frequently on Frank's lips undoubtedly is this synthesis. What distinguishes his attitude toward this idea from that of its nineteenth-century dreamers, as it distinguished the attitude of Stefan George before him, seems to be a desire to embody it fully in his work and thus show Mother Nature "what she has not as yet, but what she can achieve." The entire series of novels of which "The Bridegroom Cometh" is the third constituent—the others are "The Dark Mother" and "The Death and Life of David Markand"—to all appearances represents Frank's still somewhat groping but intensely energetic effort to project the Adamic pair of the New Realm.

David Markand evidently is the masculine component of the new couple, as Mary Donald, the heroine of "The Bridegroom," is patently the feminine. Like David in the novel bearing his name—though a little more truly—Mary moves toward a new broad sense of being. Her nature is deeply religious and understanding; but her early conflict with the ignorant Protestantism of her milieu, doubled by a fixation on her weak father, renders her neurotic. (Frank doubtlessly shares Nietzsche's idea that sickness oftentimes is the nurse of greater health.) Originally anaesthetic of men and pseudo-lesbian, Mary develops and gains the integrity of her body through a succession of disgusts. Her marriage of pity dissolves. She faces the world on her own feet, as a worker. Her final disgust is with her "Communist" friends, significantly over their political duplicity and ugly negation of the sanctity of marriage. And it is highly significant that at the moment the impulses of her body and spirit integrate themselves in reference to David, who very subtly emerges in the splendid and moving final pages, she perceives her Bridegroom in the texture of the universe and exclaims, "You only know the truth to be feared . . . like God the Father. . . . That Truth has a Son . . . not to be feared. It opens one's eyes . . . so gently, David."

PAUL ROSENFELD

The Return of Thomas Rymer

THE CHANGING WORLD IN PLAYS AND THEATER. By Anita Block. Little, Brown and Company. $2.75.

MISS BLOCK'S book consists of a theory and its application. The theory, however, is mainly a question of terminology. There is first of all "theater-consciousness" and "play-consciousness." Theater-consciousness is "the condition of being entranced by the glamor and by the often

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spurious trappings of the theater," whereas play-consciousness "is the condition of being critically alive, in the theater, to the play as literature." Miss Block declares that the chief purpose of her book is "to develop play-consciousness among theatergoers," for the great theatergoing public "suffers from excessive theater-consciousness."

Now this complaint is as new as the death of Queen Anne. Thomas Rymer wrote in 1693:

> The worst on it is that most People are wholly led by these two senses /our sight and our ears/, and follow them upon content, without ever troubling their Noddle farther. How many Plays owe all their success to a rare Show? . . . It matters not whether there be any Plot, any Characters, any Sense, or a wise Word from one end to the other provided in our Play we have the Senate of Rome, the Venetian Senate in their Pontificalibus or a Blackamoor Ruffian or Tom Dove or other Four-legg'd Hero of the Bear-Garden.

Nevertheless, play-conscious audiences, Miss Block informs us, "are still distressingly small," and this is very bad because they are needed to sustain a "vital theater." A vital theater is one which deals "with matters that are essential to life in any given epoch." Well, and what is essential to life in our time? We are not told. O'Neill's last work, however, is excluded from the vital drama, not because it is a weak play, but because it contains a "frank expression of his faith in Catholicism." As probably quite a lot of our contemporaries regard Catholicism as essential to life, this strikes me as a bit narrow-minded. One would have preferred a more catholic point of view.

Who, then, is to decide what these essentials are? Reading her book we gather that it is Miss Block. Consequently all boils down to this: a play is great when it is vital, and it is vital when it advocates Miss Block's convictions. Now this sort of thing can be quite interesting if it is done in a personal manner, but set forth with the pretense of universal validity it is somewhat tedious.

And so we come to "the crux of all art," as Miss Block calls it. "The artist," she declares, "must care infinitely more for what he has to say than for the medium through which he says it." The modern dramatists are great "because they consistently consider their convictions more important than their plays, and their plays more important than productions in the theater." This of course is the old doctrine of the stage as a means of moral instruction. It has been proved innumerable times in books and exploded as often on the stage. Rymer put it like this:

> In the days of Aristophanes, it was on all hands agreed that the best Poet was he who had done the most to make men vertuous and serviceable to the Publick. . . . Because as the Schools are for teaching Children, the Stage should be for men of riper years and Judgment.

The argument over this dogma is as old as the hills which carried the Greek audiences. It was not agreed on *all* hands. I definitely refuse to take part in it. Or should we really fight the same old battle over and over again, like ghosts in a Highland feud, the only diversion being now and then a change of terminology? Should we really rake up Flecknoe and Dryden and Hédelin and Castelvetro and all the rest of them? But perhaps Miss Block will be content with Clemens Alexandrinus, father of the church, born about 150 A.D. I quote after Collier:

> If 'tis said these Diversions are taken only to unbend the Mind, and refresh Nature a little. To this I answer that the spaces between Business should not be fill'd up with such Rubbish. A wise man has a Guard upon his Recreations and always prefers the Profitable to the Pleasant.

Unfortunately during the last 1,739 years the tired business man has untiringly persisted in having his fun. Let us hope that now Miss Block will change all this.

As we cannot agree on the theory it is useless to register disagreement with its application, which takes up the greatest part of the book. Many of the pre- and post-war dramatists are examined; excerpts of plays are provided and usually accompanied with an appreciation, which, however, is more rhetorical than critical. The selection is rather arbitrary. Among the elect is W. Somerset Maugham, who in the prefaces to his plays has maintained that the contention that a play should be judged apart from its performance is nonsense, and that it is the end of the play if the playwright cares more for truth than for dramatic effect. Just to indicate to what extremity the contrary tenets lead I may mention that our author commends "Gods of Lightning" and condemns "Winterset."

The trouble with Miss Block is that she does not like the theater. She applies to it words like "spurious," "ephemeral," "paltry," and "futile"; even the ominous "theater-of-the-armchair" puts in an appearance. Her book is written with zeal, but it is the zeal of every house except the playhouse.

Altogether, Joseph Wood Krutch's summing up of Thomas Rymer will fit Miss Block too: "It is sufficient to say that, granting him his premises, he was logical enough, and that if consistency to principles which would have ruined the stage is enough to entitle a man to the title of a 'good critic,' then Rymer was one." ROBERT VAMBERY

Santayana

GEORGE SANTAYANA. By George W. Howgate. University of Pennsylvania Press. $3.50.

THIS book does not provide the occasion to reassess the specifically "philosophical" accomplishment of George Santayana. It is itself frankly an attempt at estimating his place in the culture of our generation; it treats him rather in the tradition of Matthew Arnold than—as he might like to regard himself—in the line of Aristotle, Plato, and Spinoza. Mr. Howgate is obviously a literary scholar rather than a philosopher, and he studies Santayana primarily as a writer at once intellectual and imaginative, among whose themes have been moral philosophy, metaphysics, and literary criticism. Mr. Howgate says justly that Santayana has made a unique contribution to our culture, that his writings—poetry, soliloquies, novels, and treatises—illuminate one another. He says they flow from a "central and consistent view of life, and a love of the beautiful wherever found." It would require a more thoroughgoing examination of his philosophy than is here given to demonstrate the complete consistency of Santayana, and indeed such an inquiry, as recent studies have

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shown, might reveal certain glaring inconsistencies; the Platonist and the materialist, the Hellenic moralist and the Buddhist ascetic, the Life of Reason and the Spiritual Life, have got in each other's way in Santayana's later works, and there have been technical but important confusions: for example, a division of loyalties between Greek and British philosophy in the first volume of "The Life of Reason."

Mr. Howgate does not claim to be an expert in these matters. Since these things must be dealt with if Santayana is to be adequately estimated, Mr. Howgate's book cannot remain the last word. It is, however, an excellent contribution, completely scholarly and, within its intellectual limits, enlightened. Its bibliography alone—and perhaps chiefly—will make it invaluable to any student of Santayana. For the general reader it brings together the perfectly simple, straightforward biographical data which have been overlaid with adoring or malicious rumor. It must be admitted that these facts are here told with nothing like the art—or artfulness—with which Santayana tells them in two brilliant autobiographical essays.

The picture that emerges from Mr. Howgate's pages is not very different from that already familiar from other sources or implicit in Santayana's own works. The child born in Spain, brought in early childhood to the United States, educated at the conventional (and excellent) Boston Latin School; the youth, aesthetic, aloof, slightly *fin de siècle* at Harvard; the European student-traveler, the eloquent and solitary teacher for a quarter-century at Harvard, the retired and retiring soliloquist in England, Italy, and France, the leisurely writer in a self-created limbo in Rome: all these are here. Things new—at least to this reader—are some early boyhood poems, not very good, written at the Boston Latin School. There are the names and contents of the courses Santayana gave at Harvard, though the author fails to communicate Santayana's quality as a teacher, his relations with the generality of students and with the more gifted ones, his qualified friendships with James, Royce, and Palmer. Santayana was for more than twenty-five years a great personal tradition at Harvard; one wishes Mr. Howgate had shown how and why. There are any number of Santayana's former students about who could have told him enough details to fill out the picture and give it color and meaning. As for the summary statements about Santayana's books, they are relevant and responsible enough but they lack something, and that something can only be described as philosophy. It is not that Mr. Howgate is unaware of the issues involved. As far as he goes he does not go wrong. On the purely literary side he is excellent. He has contributed as good a study as exists of the technique and temper of Santayana's poetry and of the nature of his prose. Nor is he all admiration; he makes clear, for instance, why "Lucifier" is not a good play. He is particularly discriminating on the aesthetic character, not merely the aesthetic surface, of Santayana's thinking from the early "Sense of Beauty" to the late "Realm of Essence." But he is far less illuminating on the philosophical conflict implicit in all of Santayana, the oscillation in him between rational humanism and escape to Platonism. Santayana himself claims that there is a unity in all his thought, but others think otherwise. There are grounds for suspicion of an unachieved harmony in this most melodious of modern philosophers. It would require no less learning but more insight to traverse the grounds of those suspicions.

Excellent running summary of Santayana's works though this book is, it must be said in all conscience that any reader could learn more about Santayana's temper and thinking from any one of his works themselves, from "Dialogues in Limbo," for example, or from "Reason in Society."

Mr. Howgate has done a conscientious work of critical literary summary, but Santayana for all his literary art is a philosopher, and it would require a philosopher to do justice to him and to discern, perhaps, where he has done something less than justice to himself, where his glorification of the free spirit has been tarnished by his own toryism, where his patrician taste has been narrowed by his own unacknowledged gentilities, where he is the victim himself of provincialisms, political and social, which he has carried with him into the "infinite realm of essence."

IRWIN EDMAN

A Case Study in Reform

THE BRANDEIS WAY. By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Princeton University Press. $3.

LIFE INSURANCE: INVESTING IN DISASTER. By Mort and E. A. Gilbert. Modern Age Books. 75 cents.

IF THAT offensive young dandy, James Hazen Hyde, had comported himself more conventionally when he inherited the majority stock interest in the Equitable, Louis D. Brandeis might never have thought of savings-bank life insurance and Charles Evans Hughes might still be a wealthy corporation lawyer with a decided talent for leading men's Bible classes. Had Mr. Hyde used the money of his policyholders to take a flier in railroads, trust companies, or banks, his fellow-directors would have found no fault with him. But when "he put an expensive gardener on the Equitable pay roll, honored the French ambassador with an elaborate dinner, gave a masque ball and a French play—all at the Equitable's expense," there was a scandal. In February, 1905, officials of the company opened war on him; in April the New England Policy-Holders Protective Committee was formed with Mr. Brandeis as counsel; in June the New York *World* launched a series of editorials that forced an unwilling governor to recommend a legislative investigation; in September, with Charles Evans Hughes as counsel, the Armstrong committee began its hearings. The revelations made insurance the nation's chief topic of conversation, and when the clamor finally died down, Mr. Hughes was governor—and the insurance companies, though with a little less dirt behind their ears, were doing business as usual.

The one lasting, if somewhat tangential, product of the famous Armstrong investigation, aside from the elimination of some of the lesser and cruder forms of larceny in the business, was the establishment of savings-bank life insurance in Massachusetts. This was Mr. Brandeis's achievement. Professor Mason's "The Brandeis Way" tells how it was done and tells it as "A Case Study in the Workings of Democracy." As descried through a forest of verbiage and unnecessary sermonizing the factors that made Mr. Brandeis's success possible were three. The public was so shocked by what it had learned from the insurance inquiry that legisla-

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tors were not as complaisant as usual under the ministrations of the insurance lobbies, almost as powerful then as now. Mr. Brandeis was not only a militant reformer; he was extraordinarily persuasive and persistent. Finally, he was agitating for a reform of demonstrable benefit to ordinary business men as employers. The *Insurance Press* denounced his plan to sell insurance over the counter of savings banks as "positively grotesque in its absurdity." But the tireless Mr. Brandeis soon convinced many outstanding Massachusetts industrialists of the desirability of this cheaper substitute for the costly industrial insurance their employees were buying.

Mr. Brandeis's successful battle deserves analysis; if done skilfully it might tell us a good deal about the anatomy of reform movements and what makes them tick. Professor Mason has made a start on the task, but unfortunately this book does not attain the same level as his "Brandeis, Lawyer and Judge in the Modern State." When Mr. Brandeis began his campaign for savings-bank life insurance, in a famous article for Norman Hapgood's *Collier's,* he wasted no time on generalities. "The average expectancy of life in the United States of a man twenty-one years old," Mr. Brandeis began, "is, according to Meech's Table of Mortality, 40.25 years." Professor Mason spends most of his first eighty-two pages assuring the reader that Mr. Brandeis is opposed to both communism and fascism. Apparently in the fear that a Princeton trustee may be hiding under the bed, Professor Mason is so anxious not to be thought a radical that he indulges in a long aside condemning the New Deal along with "the classless society" and *Volksgemeinshaft* as undemocratic and revolutionary. This variant of Mark Sullivanism is as out of place in a book on Brandeis as the author's inappropriate praise of the Granger movement: "These men were conservatives, not Socialists, native Americans, not foreign born."

Aside from Professor Mason's tendency to put his foot in it with alarming frequency, what the book most lacks is a sense of perspective. Some of the Parson Weemsish homilies might have been spared for a little more information on what happened after Mr. Brandeis speared the dragon. His account can profitably be supplemented by the sections on the 1905 insurance investigation in Gustavus Myers's "History of the Great American Fortunes," by the testimony taken before the monopoly inquiry, and by Mort and E. A. Gilbert's clear-eyed and provocative "Life Insurance: Investing in Disaster." The monopoly-inquiry testimony reveals that the chief evils uncovered in 1905 not only flourish still but have grown to many times their former size. The Gilberts, amid much information of great value to policy-holders and students of insurance, disclose that after thirty years only 4 per cent of the total life-insurance business in Massachusetts is written by the savings banks; only one other state, New York, has so far adopted savings-bank life insurance. The companies were unable to block Brandeis in the Massachusetts legislature in 1907, but their influence has impeded and sabotaged the growth of savings-bank life insurance ever since. Mr. Brandeis's gallant fight still stirs our admiration, but could his efforts have proved other than puny against the glacial push of the vast financial power concentrated in our insurance companies? Professor Mason's "case study" remains incomplete without the question and its answer—if it needs an answer. I. F. STONE

Voyage of the Idle Hour

SEVEN SEAS ON A SHOESTRING. By Dwight Long. Harper and Brothers. $3.

ON SEPTEMBER 18, 1938, from my mooring at City Island, I caught a glimpse of some uncommonly rugged masts and rigging as they glided past my cabin ports. Their sturdiness sent me on deck, as I knew very well they bespoke no ordinary yacht. They belonged to a white ketch which was coming to anchor a short distance away, and in amazement I read, Idle Hour, Seattle, on her broad transom. What voyages that conjured up, and what tales the skipper would have to tell! I was filled with a new and deeper appreciation of the ruggedness of the rig.

That was Sunday afternoon. On Wednesday the first hurricane since 1850 hit this coast; and while the Idle Hour's owner, the author of "Seven Seas on a Shoestring," was ashore preparing for a radio broadcast, to acquire funds for his own and her needs, the ketch picked up her anchor and sailed, unmanned, out of the harbor. Four years and a day from her departure from Seattle, after crossing the Pacific, the Indian, and the Atlantic Ocean, she was wrecked in Long Island Sound.

Dwight Long, her master, is only in his twenties, but in this book he demonstrates capacities that would do credit to many an older man. First and foremost, he has a sense for the sea that puts him in that rare class of navigators of today that includes Villiers, Gerbault, Robinson, and Barbour. He does not minimize or exaggerate the perils which beset the thirty-two-foot sailing craft, but always meets them with the resourcefulness that the sea demands. A fourteen-hundred-mile run under jury rig after the loss of a mainmast is described with great simplicity, yet compares well with some of the older sea voyages that have become classical. Narrow escapes from shipwreck on the reefs of the southern Pacific and on uncharted courses inside the Great Barrier Reef are excellently told. Incidents in Java and Singapore, piracy in the Red Sea, war in the Mediterranean, follow one another without a lag in the interest of the tale, as the Idle Hour beats her way westward. As Long was no rich boy with abundant resources to finance his venture, he needed cooperation and help at his many ports of call, and the amount given him was a tribute to his personality.

Now that the navigator has turned to authorship—this is his first book—he shows himself an excellent writer, both in the selection of material and in the unaffected manner of its telling. His comments on the various modes of human life he encountered are poignant and refreshing. I should like to recommend this tale to all adventurous youths looking for new worlds to conquer, but I am fearful of a traffic jam in the Panama Canal, not to mention the limited capacity of the harbor at Tahiti.

The Idle Hour is now being repaired by the Cruising Club of America, and Long plans to complete the last leg of his world cruise in the near future. We may therefore hope for another volume when that leg of the trip is over, if not sooner—there must certainly be more in the log of the last four years that would commend itself to the reading public.

HUGH H. DARBY

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ART

At the Fair

THE New York World's Fair is the largest in history and, architecturally, it fails to come off. The size is there, the resources are there, the individual splendid achievements are there—dumped into a pile. In the loss of so much effort there is something appalling. Seeking the "world of tomorrow," the Fair's board of design snagged on the tough problems of today. The chief problem, stated in the broadest terms, was the problem of the use of power. The designers had at their command the wealth of the world's greatest empires. These empires were of the two kinds that rule us: one going under names such as General Motors, Ford, or, picking at random, the petroleum industry; the other Britain, Italy, or Russia.

They came in like thunder. But most providentially, to our amazement and delight, the Fair has its still small voice. And so, postponing such problems as the unhappy site and the difficulty of securing "the world of tomorrow through the architects of yesterday," let us go straight to the one point where the Fair is not itself, and where it is therefore direct, festive, skilful, and kind to the heart. The reference is to the little pavilion that Sven Markelius designed in behalf of the people of Sweden. This, along with John Weber's Swiss house, is a David among the dispiriting giants. Soundly conceived and beautifully built, the Swedish product is a masterpiece.

You do not, of course, come upon anything modest at the Fair without passing the big things first. And it is highly instructive to study what has been done by the big foreign "powers." Sculpture is their first weapon. The dictatorships place theirs the highest, and Russia wins. Her proletarian youth in his stainless-steel jeans, bestriding a red shaft taller than anything except the trylon, raises his red star above the whole world. Such tactics are effective. Roma, next highest, is not. She would serve as a beautiful take-off of a seated Britannia—her position next to the British pavilion suggests the intention—if the Italian monument upon which she sits, and the cascade which so oddly springs from beneath her seat, were really glorious. A problem was involved in the use of power!

Next to sculpture, the powers resort to sheer mass. The designs vary greatly, but the constant factor is the attempt at impressiveness through size. Again Russia wins. The workmen on the grounds give her building open admiration. It is a great horseshoe, thrown as a ringer around the proletarian's shaft. It is curiously and back-handedly impressive. When those great offset walls are under floodlight and you read the inscriptions under the plaques of Lenin and Stalin about socialism being established, you get an involuntary thrill. If Russia's role is to stand firm against the whole world, then she has successfully played it. From such a standpoint, the crude points in the design are a matter entirely subordinate.

Sweden has her sculpture too, but she has no monument. For that matter, her sculpture has no proper dignity either. There is no rider on her horse, no chariot behind him. He is really just a wooden hobbyhorse, standing fat and silly on the ground, in a coat of paint under a canopy roof. He is an enlargement of the little carved horses that the tourists love. Since there is no monument behind him, the horse has nothing to do but stand coolly in the shade and make people smile. The canopy is described by the guide as an imitation airplane wing, which is true except that the structure is just *not* one of those airplane or yacht imitations. It has the same general proportions as a wing, an equally delicate curve, the same light grace and airy ease, and the same technical perfection. To the rear of this shelter or roof there is a wooden fence or screen, of which more later. Behind it there are no square miles. You come into a garden with a pool, surrounded on three sides by sheltered areas like the front, and on the fourth by a medium-sized display room and a child's-size garden restaurant.

It is difficult not to expand upon this court and its delights. Every way you turn there is something pleasant. There is the sound and hearty blond tone of the whole, as healthy as the charming girls in attendance, and a refreshing contrast to the plagued Fair "spectrum" in pastel. The blondness springs out of such elements as light varnished surfaces in wood, delicate chrome bars supporting floodlights perched like birds, the large milk-white lighting globes hung close together on their slender stems, the tricky little crystal-glass fountain—and, of course, the surfaces painted for contrast in a good bright Swedish blue. The gaiety conceals the fact that the pair of rooms and the court furnish a whole compendium of what is finest in up-to-date design. There is not an element that is not related directly to use, or that does not meanwhile contribute to delight. No material is violated in its nature, but there are no heavy-handed manifestos.

Not even the sanity and directness of the Swedish methods of design are, however, the most important part of the small exhibition. For, unlike the Fair as a whole, which talked us all to death about a "theme," Sweden has one. And although nothing could be cleverer than the way she presents it, the content is more than clever.

It is announced by a sort of photo-mural frieze along the wooden screen in front, of which I have spoken. You see a series of men who look like stadtholders, and then a woman with a baby, and a happy young couple. Above them "Sweden Speaks" and what she talks about and makes these men responsible for is something like this: that liberty and cooperation among all groups are required to build a democratic Sweden; that there is a problem of sustained forest yield as a guaranty of the future; that plenty of power must be developed to remove the drudgery; that every baby should have a chance at the best in life; that hygienic homes should be within the reach of all; and that the Swedes—this is the young couple—seek plenty of time for play and self-improvement.

There is more of the same sort; but I have no need to bore you, or to expound the superlative technique of display through which, by means of the fewest and simplest devices, a full exposition and expansion of this theme is set forth, inside, along one wall of the court. You do not quickly forget the sheet of steel belting that travels in a wave, but you are scarcely aware that a dozen other devices

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have been used to make you aware of the importance to the Swedes of their high-quality steel.

For what is most heartening and impressive in the end is the way in which a neighboring people have invited you into their house, showing you what they treasure and for what they strive. In place of the pompous statues and the stupid British crowns, a people lets you see its "present achievements and future aspirations." No "decorative" display elsewhere, however skilful, can compete with the skill of this designer's hands who is telling you through his work what is in his heart. Moreover, every step seems to be calculated, by instinct and habit, to culminate in someone's happiness.

How weary a story are all these empty testimonials to grandiloquent "civilization"! How meaningless the "monumentality" of these grand buildings which, no matter how effectively, do nothing but brag! The gay little Swedish pavilion *is* civilization! DOUGLAS HASKELL

FILMS

IN "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" (Warner Brothers) the screen wins new vitality. Following closely the recent work of the Federal Bureau of Investigation which led to the conviction and imprisonment of three men and a woman, the picture gives much more than a spy hunt, though it uses all the familiar effects of a fast-moving detective story. It tries to show what Nazism really means in terms of world politics and succeeds best where it exposes the gigantic machinery with which the Nazis hope to conquer not only all "German" countries but the "whole world"—as their slogans, songs, and writings openly confess. The subversive agitation of the German-American Bund, our Nazi Party, its dependence on Berlin, its functioning under the command and with the terroristic help of the Gestapo are superbly demonstrated. The parade in a Bund camp where German-American children are physically trained and mentally crippled by the ideology "might is right," is unforgettable.

The picture is, as a whole, strikingly up to date in its theoretical sequences, where argument follows argument in an excellently managed March of Time manner. Its melodramatic parts I found less impressive. Its characters remain types. The effect of Nazi propaganda upon them is shown, but the question why three Americans who read the newspapers and listen to the radio commentators become Nazis is not convincingly answered. The social reasons for such paradoxical behavior are only slightly indicated, if at all. A contradiction remains between the normal private life of these three people and their absurd and inhuman actions. This unsolved riddle makes scenes which are true in themselves less believable and brings them sometimes down to the level of crude propaganda. Very little is gained and much is lost by the speeches about the insane and nightmarish character of the Nazi world. The normality of the average Nazi fellow is the problem; his hysterical power-glory complex is easily understood and dismissed by a democratic audience. In this connection also a more careful use of terror

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scenes would be advisable. Here we have one of those cases in which less is more. The normal, well-intentioned moviegoer still takes Nazi realities for melodrama. My neighbor murmured twice or three times, "I don't believe it." This "I don't believe it" put the Nazis in Germany into power and made the flight to Munich easier for Mr. Chamberlain.

Taken as pure cinema, "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is first-class. Anatol Litvak, maker of a film of such different values as "Mayerling," directs a multitude of varied scenes with a frightening knowledge of the milieu, blending documentary information and common story so perfectly that almost a new style results, a kind of movie journalism. Edward G. Robinson as chief investigator, Paul Lukas as Dr. Kassel, Bund leader and chief spy, and Francis Lederer as a vainglorious scoundrel—for once, thank God, in a character part and not as Prince Charming—are outstanding among a great number of excellently cast players.

"Confessions of a Nazi Spy" is important for its theme, its style, and the advance it represents. It is hampered partly by oversimplified propaganda, partly by a too close adherence to the material of a specific case—though this fault has its virtues too. We still have far to go before we arrive at the political picture which will be a piece of pure movie art, but let us rejoice that the start has been made.

"Man of Conquest" (Republic) is an example of the historical theme treated in operatic fashion. The life story of Sam Houston and the birth of the state of Texas is told with obvious patriotic bias. Inserted anachronisms in speeches about freedom and democracy are rather painful.

The latest issue of the March of Time, "Dixie-U. S. A." is a disappointment. Because it remains on the surface and avoids the sharpness of the social conflict inherent in the subject, its effect is sedative when it should be stimulating.

FRANZ HOELLERING

RECORDS

IF WE want a just and satisfying performance of Beethoven's First Symphony there is Weingartner's in the recent Columbia set; if we want such a performance with, in addition, the unique and exciting qualities of tone, texture, and phrasing that are Toscanini's, there is now the one that he has recorded with the B. B. C. Symphony. It occupies seven sides, to which Victor, with complete lack of sense of fitness, has added the three sides of his performance of Brahms's Tragic Overture to make a five-record set ($10).

The beautiful voice and phrasing of the Metropolitan's new German baritone, Herbert Janssen, are heard on a Victor record ($2) in Schubert's "Serenade" and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." They were heard recently in Strauss's "Traum durch die Dämmerung," which Melchior now sings with less beauty of voice but with more variety and subtlety of inflection and with a dramatic climax; and on the reverse side of this record ($1.50) he sings Lembcke's less consequential "Mailied." The pieces by Rameau on two records ($1.50 each) are charming and well played by the flute-harp-'cello combination of Barrère-Salzedo-Britt, but the other two in-

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struments are often heard through a haze of carelessly recorded harp. Menotti's fluent and engaging little Overture to "Amelia Goes to the Ball" is brilliantly played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy on one side of a single ($2); on the other side is the hugely symphonic Cakewalk from Harl McDonald's Third Symphony.

For the rest there are works that one might care to hear once but not repeatedly. On a single ($2) is Handel's Sonata No. 6 for oboe—well played by Mitchell Miller, with an unbelievably subdued accompaniment by Yella Pessl—which offers little but the external style of Handel. Schumann's Sonata Opus 105 for violin and piano, excellently played by Busch and Serkin in a two-record set ($4.50), is briefer than Opus 121, but as feeble and, despite its brevity, as diffuse. And in the volume of French piano music (five ten-inch records, $5.50) the only composer who claims and holds attention is Chabrier—not so much with the "Bourrée fantasque" as with the fascinating "Idylle" from the "Dix pièces pittoresques," for which Balanchine composed his equally fascinating *pas de deux* in "Cotillon"; and even this piece Emma Boynet spoils for me by her nervous, mannered performance.

From Columbia we get a new recording ($1.50) of the Overture to Beethoven's "Fidelio" made by Weingartner with the London Philharmonic—one that has structural clarity and power to compensate for the greater warmth of sound in the older Bruno Walter version. On the other hand, in the old Koussevitzky set of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony one hears at once the superiority of the Boston Symphony over the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony Orchestra with which Howard Barlow has recorded the work for Columbia (three records, $5); one hears also the superiority of Koussevitzky's performance—particularly of the finale; and these points of superiority are not outweighed by the coarse recording in the new set.

In a two-record set ($3.25) is Dvorak's Sonatina Opus 100, melodious in his American style (Kreisler's "Indian Lament" is an arrangement of the second movement), but a work of minor stature. It is excellently performed by Ossy Renardy. Liszt's Piano Concerto No. 2 (three records, $5) is, for my ears, a characteristic mixture of the pretty-pretty, the pianistically showy, and the pretentious, on which is wasted superb playing by Egon Petri with the London Philharmonic under Leslie Heward. And fine playing by the Pasquier Trio is wasted on Jean Françaix's Trio (two records, $3.25).

Though the first playing of some of these Columbia records with a steel needle was unsatisfactory, the second gave clear reproduction—which indicates an improvement in the surfaces. There was no such improvement, however, in the records of the Columbia History of Music, which I will review next week.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

It's Worse to See It

Dear Sirs: While traveling recently in the Near East I became acquainted with a Syrian teacher whose conversation threw a vivid light on the farce of the "mandate" idea. She herself was an ardent Syrian patriot and shared very intensely the feeling of most of the Syrians that the French are bringing their people and country to ruin. The French have debased the currency till it is almost worthless, are increasing repressive measures—thought, speech, and publications are under the ban—and are spending money only for their own military advantage. Certainly, there is no logical reason for Frenchmen to govern Syrians, who are as capable along those lines and as advanced in civilization, as we know the term, as the French are showing themselves to be. I gathered that all those known to be in opposition to French policy will shortly be subject to unpleasant espionage, if nothing worse. It is a terrible blasting of all the hope and enthusiasm of these young American-educated Syrians to find themselves in such a trap. They and their advanced ideas on education and politics are not wanted in Syria.

American papers have carried very little about the Jews in Rhodes—so many horrors everywhere, why mention any more? When we were there, Italian soldiers and uniforms were all over the place—our hotel dining-room was packed every night with officers in every kind of regalia. We saw endless marching, air formations, many of those little Italian submarines or whatever they are. It seems that the population, being Greek, is none too loyal and the former governor was a bit lax; so he has been removed and a "regular" fellow put in his place with a true Hitler outlook. He is confiscating the property of Jews and within a certain period will clear the place of all such. I was never so glad to get out of a place, beautiful as it is.

Forty Jews left on our boat—many of them in our second cabin—very dignified, well dressed, and not of any marked Jewish appearance. It is the well-to-do ones who are being sent out first, as they have money and property to leave behind. They are allowed to take out only 500 lire ($25); everything else is left for the glory of the Gentile race. Two of them could speak English and were taking a couple of relatives back to the United States with them, while others were heading for the Belgian Congo! A Greek boat had arranged to take off 500 the following week, destination more or less uncertain. It is one thing to read about it—another thing to see it—and where in heaven's name can they go on the spur of the moment? T. H.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 1

"Guarded" About Starvation

Dear Sirs: I can agree with your prophecy of March 25 that failure to adjust sugar quotas, the wage-hour law, and other laws and regulations that threaten Puerto Rican economics will result in widespread starvation. On the other hand I think there is little danger of bloodshed or violence. Puerto Ricans are an orderly and law-abiding people and are pretty well satisfied to have law and order restored after an interlude during which a group of terrorists got somewhat out of hand.

It is true that the Hitler press is making use of inspired comment on Puerto Rican affairs that has either been adulterated by badly informed American writers or by the propagandists themselves. The Hitler group needs very few facts upon which to base wild charges. Your comment, as a matter of fact, should be adequate for a propaganda twist or two. We have to be very guarded in our statements these days to avoid giving aid and comfort to the totalitarian advocates.

AGUSTIN RIVERO CHAVES,
Assistant Commissioner of Commerce

San Juan, P. R., April 26

Who Pays the Bills?

Dear Sirs: The public debt of the United States government is $44,000,000,000. It is all the result of wars and the depression resulting from the World War.

The total expenditures of the United States government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, were $7,151,000,000. Of this amount, $3,084,000,000 was for federal relief under WPA, PWA, CCC, and AAA. Elimination of these relief items makes the ordinary government budget $4,067,000,000.

Sixty-one per cent of the ordinary budget was on account of war: national defense, $980,000,000; veterans' aid, $572,000,000; interest on the public debt, $926,000,000. The army and navy took 24 per cent of the ordinary budget; the Veterans' Administration 14 per cent; war-debt interest 22.8 per cent.

Reducing these figures to understandable terms for the average taxpayer: war is responsible for 61 cents out of every dollar you pay for the regular functions of your government. Twenty-four cents out of every federal tax-dollar goes to pay for "the next war."

The State Department, which is really the "peace" department of our government, does its work on a meager budget of $15,000,000, or one-fifth the cost of a single battleship.

The total pension bill of the United States on account of all wars from 1790 to 1938 was $23,061,056,663.77. The pension bill for the Civil War was $7,973,404,309.50, and for the War with Spain $1,286,877,997.54.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1938, the bill for pensions and other veteran compensation was $402,768,695.97, paid to 836,953 living veterans and dependents of deceased veterans of all past wars.

The human and financial costs of war do not stop with the signing of a peace treaty. From 1920 to 1938 there were 1,863,289 United States veterans admitted to government hospitalization at a cost of $621,290,417.68. During 1938 there were 182,946 veterans admitted to hospitals, one every three minutes, at a cost of $49,076,115.42 That year 57.5 per cent of all patients in government hospitals were classed as "neuropsychiatric."

Adding up the figures for war costs in the official reports of the Treasury Department and the Veterans' Administration, we find that war has cost the United States since 1917 the staggering total of $93,992,050,997.

This includes $49,569,145,519, the direct cost of the World War to the United States up to 1938; $10,257,847,723 in uncollected European war debts; $20,383,247,187 in depression relief due to the war; and $12,741,063,518 for the army and navy from 1922 to 1939.

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E. GUY TALBOTT

San Francisco, Cal., May 4

No More Conflicting Dates

Dear Sirs: There are many progressive organizations in New York City engaged in money-raising and educational work for various causes. All too frequently it has been the experience of people working in or for these organizations that meetings, benefits, and other affairs, appealing for support to the same group of sympathizers, have been held on the same date, with the result that one or both of the affairs have been financially unsuccessful.

In order to avoid conflicts of this kind, Adelaide Schulkind of the League for Mutual Aid, Room 2002, 104 Fifth Avenue, has kindly offered to have her office serve as a clearing-house for dates. She will keep a calendar in her office, recording the meetings, benefits, and other affairs planned by any group or committee wishing to take advantage of the service. Any group planning a meeting for a certain date can telephone Miss Schulkind (GRamercy 7-6234) to learn if any other affair is being held on that date. There will be no charge.

We hope that any organization which thinks it worth while to cooperate in this scheme will communicate with Miss Schulkind.

DOROTHY FONTAINE
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New York, April 23

Radio Scripts Wanted

Dear Sirs: The Theater Arts Committee has a Radio Division which is anxious to obtain radio scripts for production. Will you cooperate with us by asking your writers to submit scripts? We want anti-Nazi scripts, peace scripts, labor scripts, and scripts on neutrality.

Scripts should be sent to me, Radio Division of *TAC*, 132 West Forty-third Street.

YSOBEL MARTIN

New York, April 25

CONTRIBUTORS

AYLMER VALLANCE is a London journalist.

JULES ROMAINS is the author of the novel series "Men of Good Will," the seventh volume of which, "Death of a World," was published last fall. As international president of the P. E. N. he addressed the World Congress of Writers held recently at the New York World's Fair. Simon and Schuster will publish the collected "Living Philosophies" of this series.

PAUL ROSENFELD is the author of "By Way of Art."

ROBERT VAMBERY was formerly dramatic adviser to a Berlin theater.

IRWIN EDMAN is professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

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